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Saturday Review

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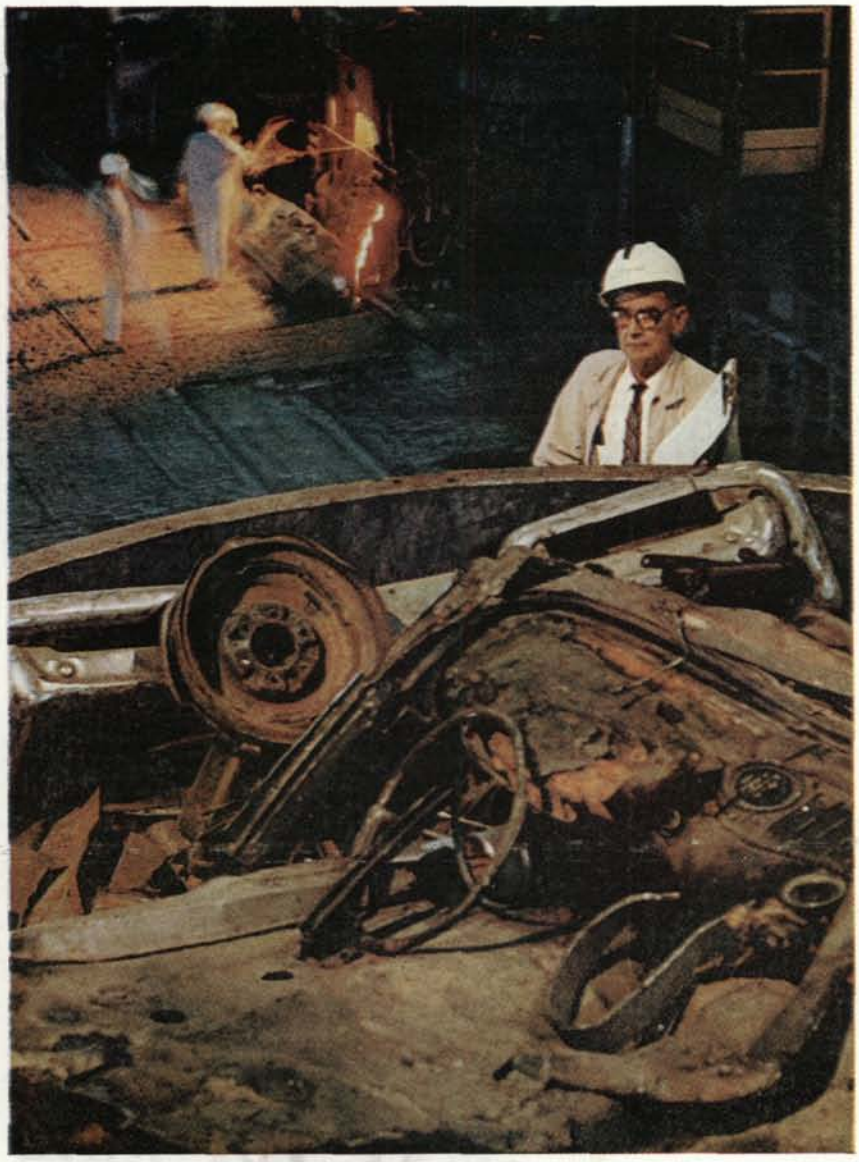

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"Imagine Borges' fantastic bestiary having tea with Alice. Imagine Dean Swift and James Thurber trading notes. Imagine a frog from Calaveras County who had actually read Mark Twain. Meet Augusto Monterroso." **—Carlos Fuentes**

It seemed to me, some years back when I first heard of Augusto ("Tito") Monterroso, that any author who could title his book *Complete Works and Other Stories* would be a good man to know.

The hunch was right, and the happy result is that we are now publishing Tito's second book, THE BLACK SHEEP AND OTHER FABLES. It is a pure delight, as readers of *Harper's*, who sampled some of the fables in the July and August issues, will know.

The book comprises 40 brief "moral tales," Aesopian in form but very modern in point, and sharp as a needle: they "nestle quietly in the mind and it's sometimes a while before you feel their little claws taking hold," is the way the Kirkus Service review puts it. Gabriel García Márquez, author of *One Hundred Years of Solitude*, says, ". . . read this book with your guard up: its danger lies in the sneaky wisdom and fatal beauty of its pseudo-seriousness." And Isaac Asimov warns, "These apparently harmless little tales bite if approached unwarily. . . ."

Tito Monterroso is a Guatemalan long resident in Mexico, whence his book, bestseller *número uno* for a long time, is now going into translation into a half-dozen other languages: the sly humor is universal.

If the foregoing doesn't sell you, may I suggest that with its charming antique woodcut illustrations and a price almost equally antique, this is one of the neatest gift ideas since African violets—and unlike bonbons, for example, you can gobble up the whole thing yourself before bestowing it on your weekend hostess.

L. L. Day
Editor-at-Large

THE BLACK SHEEP AND OTHER FABLES ($3.95), by Augusto Monterroso, is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 277 Park Avenue, New York 10017. Copies may be obtained from your own bookseller or any Doubleday Book Shop, one of which is located at 218 North Park Center, Dallas, Texas 75225.

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Cover photo: Ernie Baxter/ Hank Morgan

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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

Tempers Fugit

IF YOU WANT to learn how to lose friends by trying to influence people, call on me. I'm an expert. No matter how moot the subject—political, social, or moral—and no matter how soft-spoken my delivery, I make an enemy out of a friend. It's a gift with which I am cursed, and I've decided to do something about it.

During this past week I managed to sour two such congenial relationships through spontaneous and unrehearsed violent discussion of two disparate, front-page topics. I hadn't realized how intense and long-held were their prejudices, in opposition to my own intense and long-held prejudices. Or how violently they would defend their positions.

I plead *nolo contendere*. And I forgive them their trespasses, for I realize we live in sensitive and divisive times. Or, if you will forgive it, these are *The New York Times* that try men's souls.

And that was the subject which led to losing the first friend, a scholarly and respected lawyer. And a gentle man, until we made this luncheon date.

We had been good-naturedly rapping —last night's ball game, is the great Frank Sinatra really going to retire?— when suddenly he looked up from his cottage cheese and fruit salad with jello plate and said: "I don't care what the Supreme Court ruled. The *Times* should not have printed those Pentagon papers."

I looked up from my sliced hard boiled egg and anchovies on light white toast with Russian dressing and quietly said: "Well, it's all academic now. I believe that the government, by trying to suppress the papers, was nervous about revealing they had known some skulduggery had been going on."

Well! You would have thought I had just said, "I believe there *is* a Santa Claus." He leaned across his fruit salad and, pointing his legal, lethal finger at my face, told me at some fiery length what he thought of my belief.

I didn't mind so much that he began each sentence with "Whereas and notwithstanding," and threw in several *"ergos"* and one *"ipso facto."* But before I could reply, he got up and left, stuck me with the check, and stalked majestically from the restaurant, with a lacy pattern of cottage cheese running up to the elbow of the right sleeve of his new sports jacket.

Lost, one friend. The other was a woman, friend of the family, housewife, dilettante philosopher, doctor of medicine, psychiatrist, and quoter of Earl Wilson's column.

"How have you been?" she asked.

"Oh, I've been over the weather," I replied.

"I'm sorry," she said. "How's everything else at home?"

"She's fine. Do you want to speak to her?"

Then without being provoked, cued, or chalked up, she suddenly said: "I feel very sad about that little baby who was taken away from its natural mother and given to the foster parents."

"Yes, it is sad making," I said. And I should have stopped there. I didn't. I "howevered."

But before I tell you where I went wrong, let me fill you in. In the past year or two there have been several unwed mothers who have given up their newborn babies to foster parents, only to come popping up later announcing they have changed their minds and want their babies returned. Now back to the phone.

"Yes, it is sad making," I said. "However, it seems to me this business of unwed mothers giving their babies for adoption is becoming too frequent. It's a copout. They give the babies to foster parents, who will spoon-feed the infants, burp and diaper them, lullaby them to sleep, put them on their feet and coax them to toddle into their loving outstretched arms—'come to Mommy'; 'come to Daddy.'"

"Just a minute, you, are you saying . . . ," she said.

"I'm saying a strange woman who gave up a newly born child suddenly shows up and demands the finished product, after a year or two of what amounts to free day care in the home of its adoptive parents."

"But what about the feelings of the real and natural. . . ."

"I'm saying a judge should pronounce, 'If there is anyone who knows why this infant and its adoptive parents shall not be joined in the holy bonds of family, let her speak now or forever hold her peace.' . . . Hello . . . hello. . . ."

Lost, another friend. But from now on, I stand mute on all subjects. A person can develop a bloody nose. I'm through playing Alexander Hamilton when I'm surrounded by a cast of Aaron Burrs.

I've added another freedom to the First Amendment. The freedom of silence. Unless Congress abridges that too.

"Pardon me, but I can't help feeling we have a lot to say to each other!"

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London Letter

Herbert R. Mayes

Placing a Name

JOHN HARVARD was born in England in 1607. At the age of thirty he took off for the New World and settled in the Charleston community of Massachusetts Bay Colony. Twelve months later he died, bequeathing half of his estate and all of his books to the college being planned in the nearby town of Cambridge. Because of the bequest, it was decided that the college should bear his name.

George Downing, born in Dublin of English parents in 1623, was sent to Massachusetts, where his uncle John Winthrop was Governor. He was then fifteen. The hope was that he would acquire an education and a fortune. Enrolled with eight other young gentlemen in the very first Harvard class, he was the second student to be graduated, receiving the degree of Bachelor of Arts. Then, at twenty-two, he returned to England.

When Charles I was deposed and had his head chopped off, George Downing found no difficulty in switching his allegiance to Oliver Cromwell. George was so intelligent and shrewd, possessed so much innate political instinct, and switched allegiance so hard and so fast that in no time flat he became a factor in Cromwell's privy council. There is no evidence to indicate that Cromwell liked him, but ample proof that he considered the young fellow extraordinarily able. Cromwell appointed George Downing scoutmaster general of his army. George was appreciative. He led the movement for offering Cromwell the crown.

From total obscurity George Downing rose to become one of the more powerful men of his era. In money matters he was significantly astute. Along the way, he straightened out England's financial mess. He held innumerable posts of consequence, such as Commissioner of Customs and Secretary of the Treasury. He was Cromwell's prime negotiator with the Dutch, who were then the greatest commercial and military force on earth, England's chief rival, and feared by all other nations. In the course of his official assignments, Downing dealt with ambassadors, cardinals, and occasionally even with kings.

When Oliver Cromwell died and his son Richard succeeded him as Lord Protector of the Commonwealth, George Downing remained in favor. He had a knack for being with the right people in the right place at the right time. He had other knacks. One of them was in the realm of real estate. George could recognize a fine piece of property the instant he saw it. George knew how to make himself immensely wealthy, though not always in the most scrupulous manner. He was not loved, except by his mother. But he was much admired and envied.

Well, as sometimes happens in the best regulated nations, the people of England, and the members of Parliament, became restless. There was a yearning for the return of royalty. What was at first mere discontent with the Protectorate swelled to vigorous antipathy; and, in what has been the fairly normal course of events in the history of England, Richard Cromwell was chucked out, the son of Charles I was called back from exile, and thus the old Stuart monarchy was restored.

This, it might be supposed, would have marked the end of George Downing, or at least of his career. But like the two Cromwells before him, Charles II perceived in Downing sufficient genius to warrant forgiveness for his earlier treasonous transgressions and continued the use of his services. In all the ensuing quarter-century reign of the second King Charles, nobody was delegated mightier tasks and responsibilities than Downing. He worked wonders for his government. He performed a few miracles.

It is not possible to examine the life of a man without reference to the period in which he lived. But in any period at all, George Downing might well have been accounted a scoundrel, a man without principle, a greedy, grasping villain. The Dutch distrusted him. The French hated him. All over Europe there were people in places high and low who despised him. Samuel Pepys, who knew Downing well, wrote that he was a perfidious rogue, a doubly perjured traitor. Gratitude was not in Downing's nature. Avarice was. His mother, whose fervent desire was to see him well educated and successful, was permitted in her old age to endure poverty.

Let me, with one or two fair instances, indicate the kindly character of Downing. When James Naylor, a Quaker, was accused of blasphemy, Downing voted to have Naylor pilloried, then to be whipped through the streets, then to have his tongue bored through, then to be stigmatized with the letter B, and then to be whipped again. Also, in that day, hiding as refugees in Holland were three Englishmen—Barkstead, Corbet, and Oakey—who had had a hand in the overthrow of Charles I. One ought not be surprised that that ruler's son and heir should have wanted these men returned to their native soil for proper punishment. George Downing, on one of his diplomatic missions to the Hague, managed to see that justice was done. Through his efficient espionage system he located the three men, smuggled them out of Holland back to England, and there they went bravely to the scaffold. Obviously Downing was only doing his duty, though Oakey had been his friend and had been promised Downing's protection. For his meritorious handling of this matter, Downing received very special commendation.

Though Downing in effect was more important than anybody else in conducting foreign affairs for Charles II, and though the King raised him to knighthood, the facts seem to suggest that even the King held him in no personal esteem. Indeed, in 1671, when Downing failed to respond immediately to one of his minor directives, the monarch ordered Sir George to be taken prisoner and sent to the Tower. In a couple of shakes, however, Sir George was out again, a free man. But thereafter he was not much on the public scene. He concentrated on buying and integrating various parcels of property for himself. One of the properties, on which he had secured a ninety-nine-year lease, was in Whitehall. On that plot he decided to build four houses, the plans for which were nice enough to win the approval of Sir Christopher Wren. The name of Downing thus became, as one might say, associated.

After all of the foregoing, a reader could reasonably assume that I have, or have had, some great personal interest in the life of George Downing, but that is not the case at all. I was simply curious, in the beginning, to find out why the seat of British government, the heart of an empire, the conscience of a commonwealth, should be located on property that Sir George once owned, known now as No. 10 Downing Street, unquestionably the single most famous address in any city in the world.

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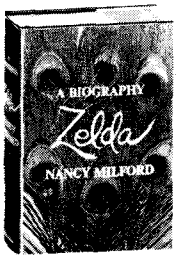

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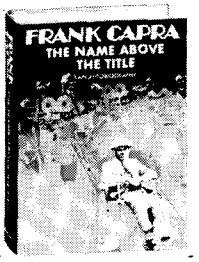

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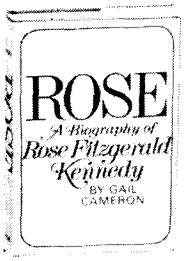

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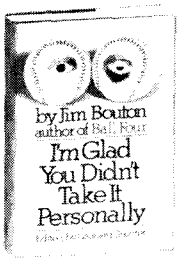

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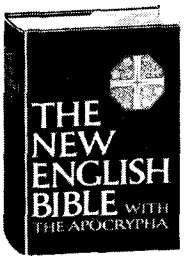

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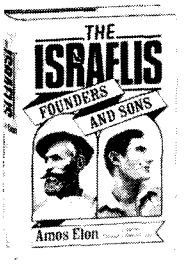

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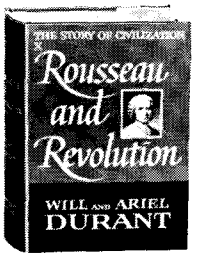

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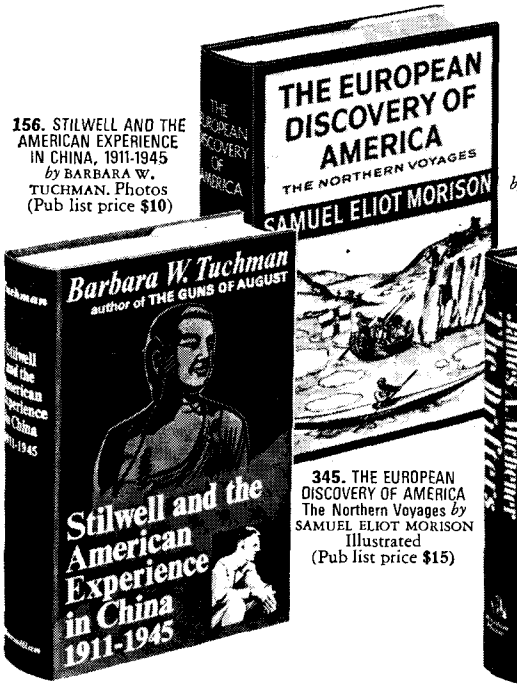
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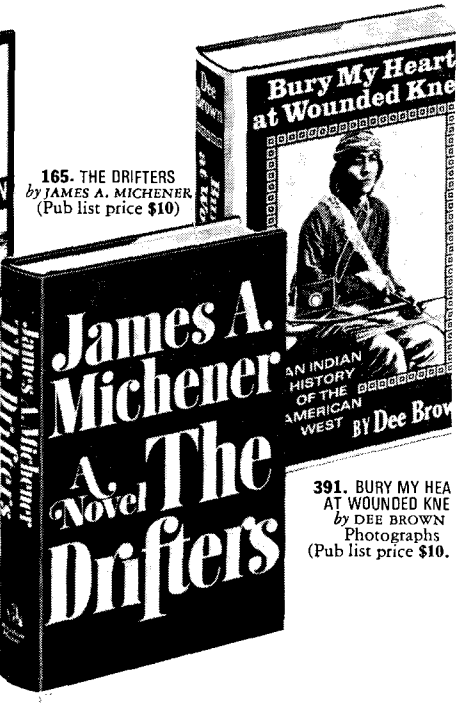

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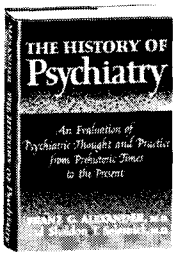

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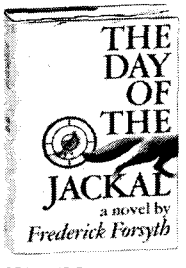

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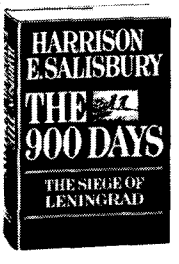

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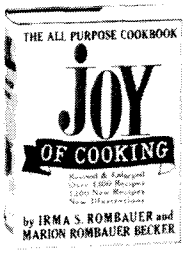

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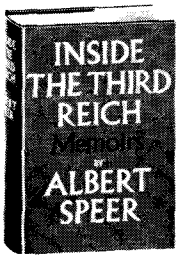

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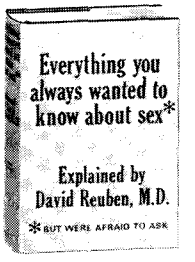

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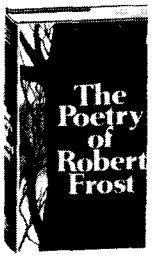

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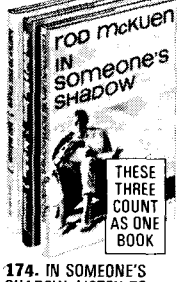

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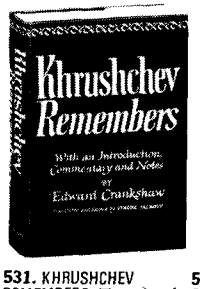

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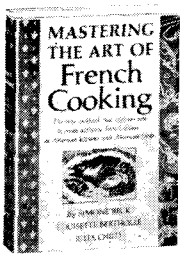

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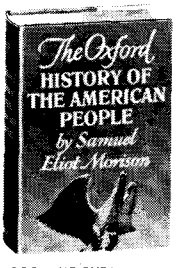

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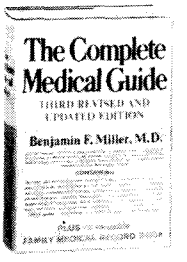

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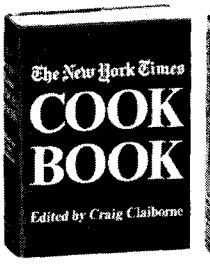

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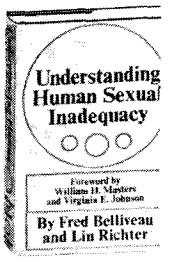
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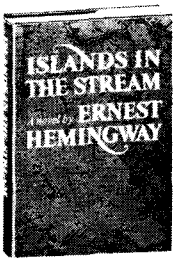

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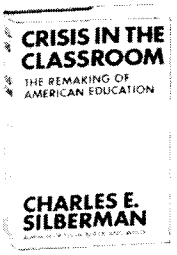

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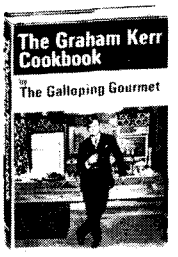

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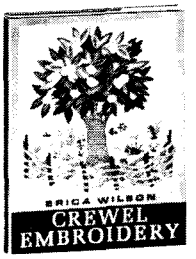

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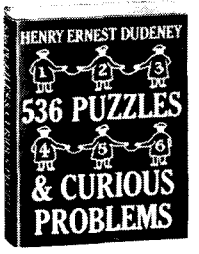

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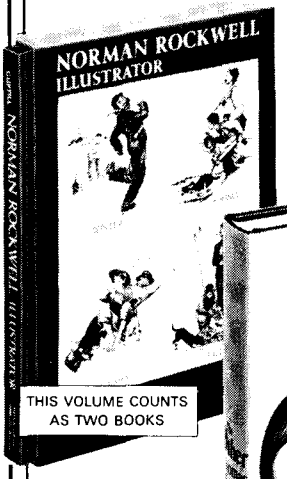

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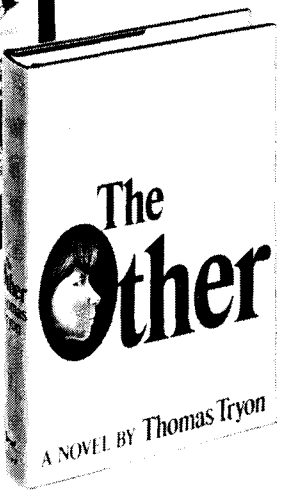

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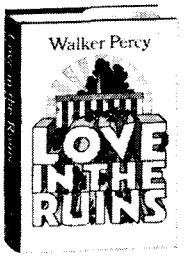

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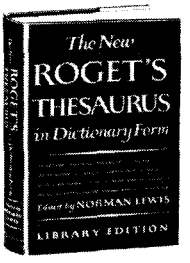

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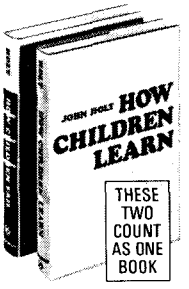

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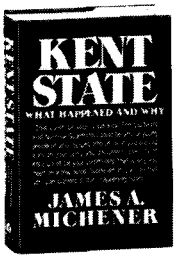

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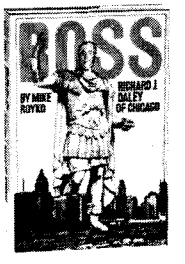

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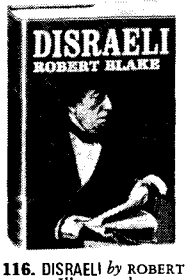

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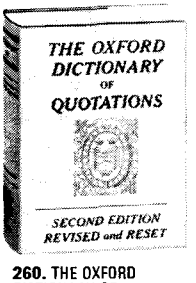

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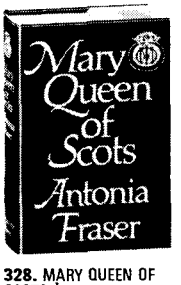

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Want Ad of the Week—from Marc Ryan of Las Vegas, who located it in the Las Vegas *Sun*:

> WANTED—Woman between 30-45 for companionship, possible square dance partner, by sincere man. Also wanted, swarm of bees, will teach beekeeping.

Object, obviously, honeymoon. Elsewhere, there was women's news, too—as found by Mrs. Lloyd Bentham of Corpus Christi in *Investor's Reader*:

> The trend to women on the board is likely to continue. At presstime at least ten major corporations were known to be actively after a female director.

Well, the odds aren't bad.

Politics of the Week—from an anonymous operator in San Bernardino Valley College, who found it in the San Bernardino *Sun*:

> County libraries became the first victim of budget-cutting this week as the Board of Supervisors launched into its preliminary review of departmental expenditure requests for 1971-79.
>
> The supervisors rejected Librarian Dorothy Traver's plea for an extra $15,000 for purchase of new books. . . .
>
> Miss Traver said that, based on the county's current population, her libraries contain 1.3 books per capita. . . .
>
> But Supervisor William A. Betterley insisted the figures fail to present a true picture because they include people who never use the libraries, and he added: "Somebody must be getting 2.6, because I've never checked out a book."
>
> "It's nice to have books and culture and knowledge, but we can get along without it," Board Chairman Ruben S. Ayala said in view of budget pressures. "I've always gotten along without it," he added.

You shouldn't have told us, Ruben, old boy—we'd never have guessed it.

Not only has Ronald Rood, author of *Animals Nobody Loves* (Stephen Greene Press), written what critics have called the most charming animal book of the year, he is also a fellow with an extraordinary amount of small-boy charm himself. We met him in company with Mrs. Jean Shepard of the Greene company and demanded an immediate explanation for such obviously aberrant authorial behavior.

"Well," he said, with a gentle smile, "I'm called a naturalist. And I believe I once defined a naturalist as a small boy who never grew up."

Mr. Rood has a domestic family consisting of a wife, four children, and a part-wolf, part-husky, as well as a wild family that includes, as he puts it, "hundreds, maybe thousands"—all of whom live with him on a 100-acre farm in Vermont. Not far away lives his publisher, Stephen Greene himself. The latter, Mrs. Shepard informed us, has a 1,000-acre farm. We had heard of forty acres and a mule—but 100 acres for an author and a thousand acres for a publisher? Once more we demanded, from Rood, an immediate explanation. Was it, we asked, cricket?

"I think it is," Rood grinned. "Or at least it is until I produce a book a month." Actually, Rood, who taught at school and Middlebury College, didn't write a single book until he was thirty-three. He has since, however, written fifteen—or close to an average of one a year. And he has no qualms about being with a country publisher.

"My publisher and I are friends," he said quietly, "and I think that outweighs any disadvantages."

Even, we glanced at Mrs. Shepard, of having a public relations department who lives in Peterboro, New Hampshire?

"Even," Rood nodded toward Mrs. Shepard, "that." Rood's book includes the stories of not only such animals as the wolf and the coyote but also the pig, the snake, and even the flea. Did he, we wanted to know, actually love these animals—or was he primarily interested in studying them and then writing about them?

"I love them," he said simply. "I feel I have no more right to existence than the mosquito, which, in a moment of exasperation, I swat."

"I realize," he continued slowly, "animals have to die. Man, porcupine, quail, whatever, all produce more than can survive. But I don't like killing. For two dollars and fifty cents I can buy the right to get a huge amount of venison. But there's not enough money in the world—and it's against the law—for me to allow any deer to live, even a fawn I saved. I can buy a skunk from a pet shop, but I can't keep a wounded skunk."

How did he feel about wild animals as pets? "I feel," he said, "they're wild animals and shouldn't be pets. But I feel I should have the right to restore the wounded ones to life—if I can."

How did he feel about hunting? Rood paused. "I always think, when I think

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of hunting," he said, "of that wonderful quotation: 'The boy shoots the frog in sport, but the frog dies in earnest.'"

If, we asked him finally, he were on a desert island and had to live alone with only one animal, what animal would he choose?

"I would choose," he said, "a raccoon." Why? we persisted. "Because," he said, "you set the scene. I'm all alone. Therefore, I should have a companionable animal. Second, for that situation, I should have an omnivorous animal. A raccoon is that, too. Third, I should have a clever animal—one who would help when I lax in providing for his needs. A raccoon is very intelligent—so intelligent it would be able to make its way whether or not I survived."

He paused again. "Finally," he said, "I've had the care of a hundred and fifty or more raccoons, so I know a passable amount about them. It would be like living with an old friend."

It was Mrs. Shepard's turn. "The Stephen Greene Press," she told us, "began in 1958. Steven and his wife, Jan, had always had the idea of getting into the book business. But they couldn't get a job in it. Then in 1958 they bought The Book Cellar, in Brattleboro, and then, after that, they had the idea of publishing. They started with just New England books—covered-bridges books, books on New England railroads, that sort of thing. They thought they would just be books of regional interest. But they soon found there was something strange about New England regional books. They had very wide appeal—all over the country, in fact."

What, we wanted to know, was their first big seller? Mrs. Shepard looked at Rood. "I don't think I'd better tell you," she said.

"Go ahead," we said. These days we can take anything. But we steeled ourselves anyway—for, at the very least, *Old Sex in New England*.

"It was," she said softly, *"The Venison Cookbook."*

Interview, we said sternly, over and out.

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What's Happened To the Brain Business?

—Bettmann Archive

by PETER SCHRAG

At some point during the last generation, Americans—hardly aware of what they were doing—transformed the future from an article of the common faith into a semi-private preserve for technicians and intellectuals. The future had always been the ultimate colony of the West, the last territory of the empire, but henceforth the pioneers would be Specialists, while the rest of us—waiting for new gadgets and new blessings—were at least partly persuaded that we could no longer manage for ourselves what we once regarded as our most precious possession. We were, needless to say, not the only nation that made futurism into a sort of academic discipline, nor —again—was literary or scientific speculation about the future novel with our generation. But we, the Americans, once regarded ourselves unique in the belief that the future was the possession of the common man, that destiny, to put it crudely, might be individualistic and democratic, and that possibilities were unlimited. With a little effort, tomorrow would always be better than today.

The latest version of the dream lasted barely a decade. Beginning in the late Fifties with the suddenly growing national commitment to education and science, it reached its apotheosis in the first moon landing in 1969. In the interim, the federal commitment for research and development grew from an annual budget of some $2.7-billion to a figure exceeding $16.5-billion; national expenditures for education grew at a rate nearly double the annual growth of the Gross National Product; and the expectation developed that the commitment—though it might overemphasize the military or the scientific — would properly grow forever. Like all dreams, this one had its faddish pop-cult qualities: Everything that science fiction once imagined was coming true, and nothing—if we really put the best brains to the task—was beyond achievement. The crises of the Sixties seemed always to derive from ever-rising brain-demand curves: Where would we get the engineers, the scientists, the college teachers, the trained manpower to fill the need? Normal schools became colleges, and colleges universities, and every academic with an ounce of enterprise created new divisions, departments, and schools. Spurred by the millennial appeal of the year 2000, futurism itself became a profession surrounded by an industry. Corporations hired social scientists, philosophers, and planners to think twenty-five or thirty years ahead; management institutes and seminars were organized to ponder the world beyond the turn of the next century; the American Academy of Arts and Sciences created the Commission on the Year 2000; a group of veterans of the Rand Corporation established the Institute for the Future; the World Future Society was organized; and in almost every think tank between Santa Monica and Cambridge (and in several overseas) teams of "experts" established projects to study "alternate futures."

The futurists tended to be optimistic elitists: They divided the universe between "us" and "them"—planners and subjects; there is, after all, no other way to do it, no language that does not assume that some people would do the thinking for others. "It is possible," wrote Daniel Bell, chairman of the Commission on the Year 2000, "to direct some of this change consciously, and because a normative commitment underlies any humanistic approach to social policy, we can try to widen the area of choice." Clearly there was an assumption here that some individuals would "widen the area of choice" for others, that some would plan and some would be served by the planners, and that the future, if things were to be properly directed, could only be entrusted to professional management, thereby creating the most dangerous of class divisions—that between those who possess what Ivan Illich has called "knowledge capital" and those who do not. Some members of the commission understood the problem—"How," asked the psychiatrist Leonard Duhl, "do you live with the anxiety of not really comprehending the thinking people around you?"—but it was gen-

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erally ignored in the pervasive euphoria of colonizers surveying virgin land. Bell, a professor of sociology at Harvard, said recently that his colleagues were never as optimistic about their powers—or the possibilities for the future—as the general press suggested, but the publications and the recorded conversations of the mid-Sixties make the assertion questionable. "The heightened prestige of science and the crucial role of research," wrote Bell in 1965, "have brought with them a new, optimistic temper about the future. Science, by its nature, is open, self-corrective, and often cumulative. . . . There now exists the sense that social change, inevitably linked in its effects, must be guided in some conscious direction. Though this may not create the changes themselves, it will at least anticipate their direction and effects, and plan accordingly. In other words, we have become oriented toward the future."

When, early in 1971, the British economist E. J. Mishan surveyed the rhetoric of the futurists, he concluded that, in their view, "man's powers . . . are growing all the time and doubtless he will meet the challenge when he has to. A decorous concern was admissible, but there was no cause for alarm."

The whole decade had a Faustian quality about it: We were offered a future of robot maids, commercial space travel, effective weight and appetite control, human hibernation, weather control, genetic manipulation, direct electronic communication with the brain, and all the rest. "We must pursue the idea," said Glenn T. Seaborg, chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission, "that it is more science, better science, more wisely applied that is going to free us from [our] predicaments. What I am speaking of . . . is the application of science and scientific thinking both to alleviate immediate ills and to set the underlying philosophy for a rationale for the future handling of our technological and social development." I have no idea how many Americans bought such ideas, but they tended, more often than not, to behave as if they did. Common sense lost its nerve and Main Street its self-confidence; the magic and the power now rested not in the dynamo of Henry Adams's era but in the laboratories of Cambridge and Berkeley. And where the magic was, there also was the future.

We know now that the last two years have been disastrous for the brain business: aerospace engineers selling hot dogs; people with shiny Ph.D.s from the Ivy League teaching freshmen in junior colleges (if they can find jobs at all); men of prestige scratching for funds to support their laboratories and their shrinking teams of assistants. The American Institute of Aeronautics and Astronautics (AIAA), the professional association of the one-time glamour boys, estimated early in 1971 that between 50,000 and 100,000 professionals were out of work in that field alone; figures from the Bureau of Labor Statistics, moreover, suggest that unemployment in professional and technical occupations, which was negligible in 1968, has tripled in the last three years and is approaching the average for other occupations. What the figures cannot estimate is the level of underemployment or the extent of the psychological depression among people whose self-esteem depended not only on a job but on a job with prestige. AIAA has been running hundreds of workshops for its unemployed members to teach them how to write résumés, compose letters of application, and conduct themselves in interviews, but the sessions almost inevitably turn into group therapy for men trying to find their bearings in a world where, for the first time, they have to look for work.

At Glastonbury (Connecticut) High School, a group of 120 engineers and technicians meets for the first of three evening workshops. They have been laid off by Hamilton Standard, United Aircraft, and other aerospace contractors in the Hartford area: radar project engineer, combustion engineer, process engineer. (You remember the titles from those alluring advertisements that appeared five years ago in *The New York Times* and *The Wall Street Journal*: $20,000 a year with liberal benefits; $22,000 in Santa Monica; $25,000 in Fort Worth.) Some of the men at the Glastonbury workshops are only a year or two out of college, but many are well over forty and a few are close to sixty. After a general meeting in the auditorium, they are divided into groups of six or eight, each of them with a "counselor" to discuss their common problem. In Room 106, where one of the small groups is meeting, the regular daytime teacher has posted old *Time* and *Newsweek* covers depicting the Apollo moonshot, the astronauts, and assorted spiny space vehicles. (During the day, the kids are being motivated by this vision of the future; in the evening, the men who helped design it are learning how to fill out résumés.)

"No jobs in pollution," says one of them. "No jobs."

"Dallas is very bad right now," says another man. They talk about the B-1, the F14, the F15, and the Space Shuttle —"What if they go down the pipe?"— and about the fact that companies are simply not hiring older men, even if they have openings. "They'd rather have the young guys—they're cheaper." Not a bright side anywhere, says the counselor, a personnel manager for a local company; go to your friendly banker and tell him you have trouble and he'll probably try to work things out for you—"What the hell would the banks in Seattle do with twenty-nine thousand empty houses? We're telling people to get out of aerospace. It's not going to come back. It'll never come back like it was."

Four years ago that ever-rising federal commitment to research and development leveled off and, in terms of constant dollars, actually began to decline. And what happened first with federal dollars for aerospace and military hardware also began to happen in education, in medicine, in local school budgets, in television and publishing, and in almost every other sector of the knowledge industry. Now the depression seems to run to the very fount of faith in science and brainwork. The vote against the SST may have been a vote for reason, as Daniel Bell claimed, but it was also a vote of no confidence in the planners and the engineers. "People simply didn't believe what the engineers told them," said a public relations man for one of the ailing aircraft companies.

If the vote on the SST was indeed a vote for reason, then how does one explain the growing revolt against school bond issues, university budgets, and medical research? The conventional answer is "the general recession in the economy," and the common solution (as proposed by most politicians) is to shift more military money into brainwork for peace. If the Democrats are elected in 1972, said Bell, things will turn around. A temporary problem, said Olaf Helmer, the president of the Institute for the Future, and one of the high prophets of futurism; there is no reason for pessimism: "After this depression, the ebullience will return." Not surprisingly, every Democratic challenger for the Presidency has made an issue of the "reordering of priorities," and the conversion of technical manpower for military research to

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such problems as housing and ecology has become a staple of the political arsenal. What could be easier than to put all that talent to work on the *real* needs of the nation and the world? "There is no permanent decline in our sense of possibilities," said Helmer. "We have a repressed potential in this country. We behave as though we're poor, but we are not poor. It would be easy to transfer the talent we have. The basic methods are not too different."

Despite such optimism there are unmistakable indications that the problem is more complex, that there is, at the very least, a possibility that the nation now has a knowledge establishment considerably greater than it can use, that the belief in the possibilities of research and education has measurably declined, and that conditions in the next two decades, rather than get better, may actually get worse. Allan M. Cartter, now the chancellor of New York University and long a critic of the ebullient expansionism of the intellectual community, told the American Association for the Advancement of Science last December that "we should not attribute today's problem just to a temporary cutback in federal funds for education, research, and development. Even without the topping-out of federal support, we would have begun to have an abundance of doctoral scientists in most fields of specialization in the early 1970s. . . . We have created a graduate education and research establishment in American universities that is about thirty to fifty per cent larger than we shall effectively use in the 1970s and early 1980s, and the growth process continues in many sectors. The readjustment to the real demands of the next fifteen years is bound to be painful." Cartter argued that even with optimistic projections of growth in all scientific sectors there are already too many specialists in the academic pipeline. "Doctorate holders will tend to 'bump' those with lesser credentials in many types of positions. However, an increasing proportion of these specialists will not be employed in jobs for which they were trained or to which they aspired. . . . The price of a surplus of Ph.D.s is not unemployment but rising underemployment."

On the day after Cartter's speech, the assembled AAAS scientists were subject to an even more sobering reminder from Bentley Glass, the retiring president of AAAS. What Cartter had said about academic manpower, Glass applied to the scientific enterprise itself. "We are like the explorers of a great continent who have penetrated to its margins in most points of the compass and have mapped the major mountain chains and rivers. There are still innumerable details to fill in, but the endless horizons no longer exist." Glass left open the possibility that new developments may create unexpected horizons. "What remains to be learned may indeed dwarf imagination," he said, adding, "No rate of scientific development equal to the past half century can be long maintained." Exponential growth, however measured, cannot continue forever. Glass listed some of the factors that tend to limit such growth: population density, the exhaustion of sources of energy, pollution, and, most significantly, the mounting expense of each new development. Historically there was a compulsion to pursue whatever development was considered possible, regardless of the benefits or the cost: We climbed the mountain simply because it was there. The reaction against the SST may indicate that an ethic of curiosity based on individual scientific or intellectual initiative (a Pasteur, a Galileo, or an Eve Curie working essentially alone) may not be applicable to huge collectives of researchers—corporate science—supported by millions of dollars from the public treasury.

What is most significant in the remarks of such people as Cartter and Glass lies in their sobriety—not to say pessimism—about the scientific future. Clearly some of this sobriety—or, at any rate, the willingness of professionals to listen—comes from the current depression in the knowledge industry; nobody laughed or hooted when Glass spoke (even though some of his listeners were well aware that similar prophecies had been made by scientists as long as seventy-five years ago). But the erosion of confidence seemed to go beyond the immediate shortage of jobs or of grants to the desirability of the enterprise itself. "The prime difficulty is that so many persons, not only in the highly industrialized countries but even more among the peoples of the underdeveloped countries, now see their hopes for the future bound up with the continuation and extension to all mankind of the progress hitherto limited to a few fortunate lands and people," said Glass. "In future histories of the world, the decade of the 1960s may be known not significantly for the miserable Vietnam War but as the time when man, with unbridled lust for power over nature and for a so-called high standard of living measured by the consumption of the products of an industrial civilization, set in motion the final, speedy, inexorable rush toward the end of progress."

This is not simply the standard argument for ecology and population control or the conventional cry of *mea culpa* of a "responsible" scientist; it begs, rather, a more fundamental set of questions about the association of "science" with the future. Having ceded management of the "frontier" to professionals, how will the man who was promised unlimited blessings in return respond to the caveats of finitude? How will he react when he discovers that the magic that promised robot maids, super drugs, and super gadgets turns instead into a bitter choice between *their* version of control (of population growth and, therefore, of life itself) and environmental destruction? What sort of social reaction can one expect when the life and activities that represented the ultimate frontier are themselves restricted to a minority of privileged people, and when the rest of society is regarded as surplus? What Glass and Cartter seem to be saying is that this frontier is also closed.

"The scientist or academic, though his work subjects him to the most grueling pace," wrote Mishan in *Encounter*, "believes he has some compensations—recognition of published work, intellectual communication with others in his field, occasional mention by the press. I believe that he, too, is under illusions that he will not weather the future. But we shall let that pass, and turn instead to the greater

"You've got to hand it to the Harrisons. They find happiness in simple things."

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part of humanity. *For it is the ordinary men and women that are destined to become the victims of the future.* [Italics mine.] Social workers may teach [the ordinary man] to play games for his health, and suggest recreations to soothe his thwarted instincts. But as an ordinary human being he will have nothing really to offer society. He may be regaled with goods and privileges. But nobody needs him. He will live by the grace of the Scientific Establishment, earmarked as a drone, protected for a while longer by social institutions and the remnants of a moral tradition, yet transparently expendable. If the present trends in mass education continue, there is every likelihood of millions of dissatisfied ex-students milling about American cities, their frail expertise unwanted (how many sociologists can the nation employ?), unable or unwilling to fit into the uninspiring niches provided by industry and government, and inevitably forming a sort of intellectual *Lumpenproletariat* that will go far toward aggravating the general unrest, dissent, and desperation."

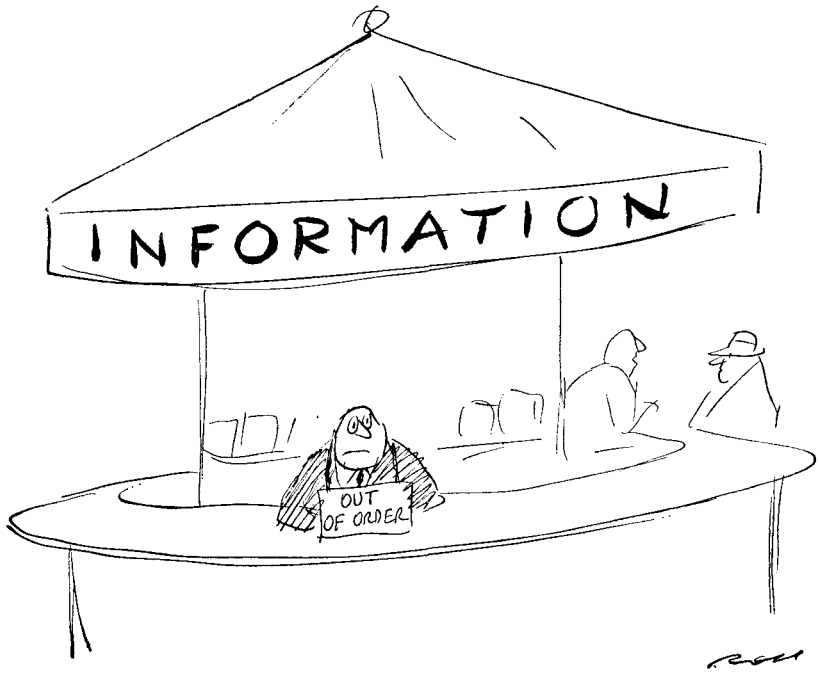
The sum of all this psychic arithmetic rests in the conclusion that there is only one thing more dangerous than a brain elite based on a faith in the future, and that is a brain elite based on no such faith. Having acceded to power on the basis of promises that are economically and ecologically beyond fulfillment, the new priests of science—natural science and social science—and the apostles of technology are likely to try to hold on with the argument that they are the only people who can hold off a technological apocalypse, and that the rest of us better come along if we don't want to face total destruction. No one has yet confronted the question of whether the conversion of engineers, scientists, and technicians from the design of military hardware to the construction of housing or the solution of other social problems will, in effect, become the pacification of America by the same people (and the same attitudes) as those who tried to pacify Vietnam.

Not only do the revelations of the Pentagon papers on the Vietnam War indicate how wrong intellectuals can be when they arrogate to themselves special power over the affairs of nations; they also suggest that when war, diplomacy, and other policy decisions become intellectual strategy games, people become objects—abstractions to be pacified, manipulated, and defoliated—and the future becomes a technical problem in which human and moral considerations have little place. What evidence do we have that the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare, the Department of Housing and Urban Development, and the Department of Transportation will be any more benign than the Pentagon? What models exist to provide assurance? The Bureau of Indian Affairs? The federal highway authorities? The Atomic Energy Commission? "An all-powerful scientific establishment," Mishan wrote, "clearly has no need of some thousands of millions of now useless mortals moving about the globe and cluttering up the limited space of the planet-laboratory. The prospect of diverting resources to provide them indefinitely with goodies and to ply them with entertainment and medicines will not be attractive. The temptation to be rid of them will grow stronger."

The conventional defense of "research" rests in the argument that new developments will alleviate the plight of the poor, heal the sick, and improve the "quality of life," but there is ample evidence that all "development" creates corresponding underdevelopment—that kidney machines, supersonic transportation, and the other elegant products of advanced research are available only to a small minority, and that higher education itself (even in the United States) favors the affluent at the expense of the poor. Economic studies of public universities have amassed considerable evidence that while the children of the affluent occupy a disproportionate share of the places, the poor (through regressive sales taxes) pay a disproportionate share of the cost. Research and education thus become corollaries to capitalism, knowledge is treated like property, and the future becomes the possession of those who are presumed to know most and have the most to spend.

The new frontier serves the same political function as the old. A century ago, the open spaces of the West—that virgin land—were regarded as the nation's social safety valve, an escape from the inevitability of Marxist class conflicts; only a minority benefited, but the promise was sufficient. And when the frontier closed, it was replaced in American mythology by the schools, by the colleges, and, most recently, by research itself. These things came to represent the future, were arguments against revolution, soporifics to an under class that demanded more equity in the distribution of economic benefits. When the NASA budget for space exploration was cut in 1970, a collection of true believers headed by a self-styled "space philosopher" and calling themselves the Committee for the Future proposed a "Citizens' Mission to the Moon" ("New Worlds for All the World"), which, they suggested, would solve most of the problems of mankind. Welfare recipients, they said, will be offered new opportunities—"New Worlds can provide a new Homestead Act"—and college graduates would be offered an "unlimited frontier . . . a future based on positive values." We would farm Mars, mine the moon, colonize Pluto. Thus, the argument came full circle: There was no need for a class struggle in America, no need to re-examine values, because the frontier (or the schools, or science, or the moon itself) created opportunities and benefits for all men; what was not available today research and education would make possible

(*Continued on page* 39)



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Is Anybody Ready for Peace?

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The following guest editorial is by Frank K. Kelly, vice president of the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions, in Santa Barbara, California, and a long-time contributor to* SR.

The threat of annihilation has been deeply woven into our lives. At any moment, nuclear warheads may go off, massacring millions and poisoning the air for those who survive. Or the new nerve gases may burst from their containers and envelop us. These possibilities are with us in our waking hours and in our dreams, giving contemporary life a special terror and a bitter sweetness.

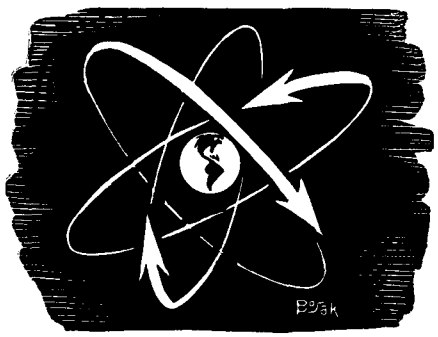
But what would happen if we had to face the shocking possibilities of lasting peace? Could we stand it? Or would peace slowly torture us to death? Would the mocking shouts of protesters shift to songs of jubilation, or would the protesters go on marching with yet other placards upon their shoulders? Would the generals go home and cultivate rose gardens? Would the stock market crash? Would people live in ease on guaranteed incomes, or would social systems in many countries collapse?

Until recently, such speculations could be dismissed as idle fancies. But the prospect of preparing for a strange new world now demands serious consideration. There are highly placed leaders on this planet with access to all sorts of secrets, who speak of peace as a coming challenge. We must begin to think of what we will do if their predictions turn out to be true.

The President of the United States—a man, admittedly, with a wide credibility gap—tells us that the tragic combat in Indochina may be the final war. The Pope—no longer, of course, regarded as really infallible—cries from his Vatican balcony that man may attain "a true human order, a common good, and a new civilization." In Peking, the inscrutable Chinese suddenly smile, and peace bounces on a Ping-pong paddle.

Can a President, a Pope, and a few Ping-pong players point us toward an enduring peace? It is hard to believe that these persons are fully aware of reality. Are we going round the bend into a never-never land, where the Chinese bow and a sad Pope beams with hope and a President who was once a hard-line Cold War advocate now plans to visit China?

Such attitudes are more difficult to accept than are calculations of how many of us would be killed in a nuclear war. If you look at man's bloodied history, you think that only the mad can talk about peace as though



it might break loose; any realistic man or woman knows that peace is just an interval between wars.

But the President is neat and smooth—and a personal friend of Billy Graham. The President can't be mad. By definition, a President is sane—whether credible or not. And the Pope can't be mad. By definition, he is the sane and visible head of a well-informed international organization with access to the world's secrets. The President and the Pope must know more things than we do. The Chinese have been clever for thousands of years. Put these factors together, and you realize that the threat of peace must now be woven into our lives. Ready or not, we must face it as a possibility in the not too distant future.

Which leads us again to the question: Is anybody ready for peace? It is doubtful. In the first place, many people question whether human beings can function effectively in peace. War is a spur that produces great achievements, ranging from an enormous variety of scientific developments to space exploration.

In the second place, many people do not believe that human beings deserve to live in peace. Many individuals feel that the guilt of past crimes compels people to go on suffering and inflicting more suffering.

If peace became more important than economic power, territorial gain, or "manly valor," there might be such a wrench in the vitals of human beings that many would conclude that life in such an age would not be worth living. In getting ready for peace, such a risk would have to be taken.

If permanent peace were established, what would become of the "security" supposedly conferred by air forces and naval fleets, nuclear missiles and nerve gases? The anxieties of millions, now possibly relieved by the sight of sturdy troops and jet planes flashing through the skies, might become unbearable if soldiers and bombers were no longer regarded as essential.

In preparing for peace, of course, the anxious millions would have to be shown that the bombers, warships, and other devices of destruction have not provided any real security for anybody. The countries with the largest stockpiles of arms have never felt secure in knowing that their forces could "overkill" enemies ten times or fifty times or a hundred times. The steady production of new weapons has meant that "security" has moved further and further away.

Security might be provided—in a strange new world—by an international peace force. Such a force could be composed of troops from all nations. A commander could be rotated from

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Letters to the Editor

Triggering Gun Control

CARL BAKAL'S article "The Failure of Federal Gun Control" [*SR*, July 3] gives one side of an old and very controversial problem. Certainly gun control is a knotty problem, and there are no easy answers on either side. But I wish to present two questions that the advocates of gun registration must face. First, if the registration of firearms became a law, who would line up to register their guns and pay their fees? The disgruntled, frustrated, and angry but law-abiding citizens who keep their guns for legitimate purposes. Who would be conspicuously and almost universally absent from these registration lines? The lawbreakers, of course.

Second, if by some wild leap of the imagination we could conceive of every firearm in the United States being registered and on file, how would this gigantic list prevent one murder, robbery, suicide, or accident?

The fact remains that guns by themselves do not kill. People kill. The laws to prevent crime should be directed toward the criminal rather than the inanimate gun. A much more effective measure for reducing the use of firearms in crime than registration would be to establish a severe and mandatory prison sentence for anyone using a gun in a criminal act. Such a law would not eliminate criminal violence. No law will do that. But it would certainly be more effective than universal gun registration in discouraging the criminal from using a gun in a criminal act, and it would certainly be more fair to the law-abiding gun owner.

FRANK H. LEAVELL,
Baylor University,
Waco, Tex.

ON THE MORNING of December 10, 1970, my husband, Dr. Charles Potter, was shot and killed as he left his car in the hospital parking lot. The weapon that ended his creative, dedicated life was one of the twenty-four million handguns that give our country, in the words of Milton Eisenhower, "the distinction of being the clear leader in violent crime among modern stable nations."

How ironic, when both my husband and I had worked for the passage of the Gun Control Act of 1968, after the King and Kennedy assassinations. Carl Bakal's recent article dismayed and depressed me; however, it did suggest another possible solution to the growing problem involving handguns. In cities such as Philadelphia and Toledo, the passage of stricter ordinances has had a dramatic effect in reducing the number of murders, robberies, and aggravated assaults involving handguns.

Therefore, I suggest that a grass-roots movement be started on the local level organized by the families and friends of victims to activate the 81 per cent of our population that favors tighter control of the manufacture and sale of the ubiquitous and deadly handgun. Organization is the American way of getting things done. Organizations to fight leukemia and hemophilia were started by friends and relatives of the victims of these diseases, the causes of which are still obscure. Why not an organization of those of us who have suffered from this man-made disease, dedicated to wiping out this killer, the cause of which is known and which takes more lives every year than many diseases?

It has been said that the victims of crime (and their families) are the forgotten people in our society. If those of us who know the stark tragedy at the point of a handgun and who have suffered in silence thus far would unite and work for more stringent controls, even at the local level, we might spare others from similar tragedies and ultimately achieve the only effective solution, that of federal control.

Isn't it time for us to speak up? Isn't it time for us to act? If *SR* readers are interested in joining me, they may write to me at the address below.

MRS. LILLIAN K. POTTER,
c/o P.O. Box 6746,
Providence, R.I. 02904

Reality of Sexuality

HERBERT R. MAYES'S "From Denmark, with Love" [LONDON LETTER, July 3] saddens me. Will Mr. Mayes ever admit that sexuality, like total relativity of knowledge and evil or doctrinaire superstition, *will* be learned by kids, despite secretive, blue-haired opposition? You simply can't hide reality. A high school debater can easily trace the preponderance of truths in *The Little Red Schoolbook* and its exaggerations, as well as Mayes's cutesy-pie rhetoric, which only reveals defiance at his *own* perception that most of the book's assertions are indeed facts. He hopes to galvanize us as a Tac Squad. How truly pathetic.

D. M. DOWNS,
Oakland, Calif.

Side Step

I HAVE JUST READ " 'Brava, Alicia' " [WORLD OF DANCE, July 10], Walter Terry's enthusiastic review of Alicia Alonso's presentation in Canada, and share his appreciation for her art. However, I thought *SR*'s readers might be interested to know that while Miss Alonso was enjoying success, it was reported by a Spanish-language newspaper in New York that her brother-in-law Alberto, who is a member of the company, was seeking political asylum in Canada. This is the second time in recent years that a member of the Alonso company has manifested a preference for freedom over the Communist "paradise" in Cuba. The first such occurrence came when several ballerinas defected while performing in France.

JOSE GOMEZ-SICRE,
Washington, D.C.

Relative Footnote

IN "A Short Note on Long Hair" [PHOENIX NEST, June 19], Richard Armour wondered how Hans Langseth wore his seventeen-foot, six-inch beard. As his great-niece, I was told that Hans rolled it like a wheel, slipped it into a paper sack laid on his chest, and buttoned his shirt over it. The family also recollects that Hans laundered his whiskers frequently and hung them over chairs to dry.

JEAN GARDNER,
Minnesota City, Minn.

"No, this isn't one of the branch stores; this is the mother store!"

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Phoenix Nest

Edited by Martin Levin

Our Busy and Versatile Literary Sun

HERE IN THE Yucatan the Mayan priests held the sun in high regard and used to spend a lot of time trying to bend it to their will. The Mayans, with all their dances and incantations, never got much cooperation from the "vast, dark, protoplasmic" Mexican sun, as D. H. Lawrence called it. But then they didn't have any help from our modern writers.

Authors can make the sun run, poke, flash, slash, stream, come up glaring, rest (on a dune), fall, fade, squint down, shine (no pretensions here), pound (you on the head), play a tattoo (on your skull), and peer (through the shutters, of course). Irving Wallace can even make the sun "argue briefly with a horde of bellicose clouds."

Take sunrises. Ross Macdonald has the sun come up "glaring behind the blue crags," and Irving Stone makes it "flash hot and bright." In *Mr. Sammler's Planet* Saul Bellow expects us to believe that "the sun ran up from the sea like a red fox." Unlikely.

Authors most often tell us what the sun is up to when it's hot out. The sun is usually raging, blazing, or burning down. But in the April *Harper's* Richard M. Levine says the sun on Bimini "filtered dimly through the clouds like a pad of melting butter." This reminds me of another author who had the sun "sizzling like an enormous fried egg."

Out in the desert the sun seems to get tired. In Elleston Trover's *The Flight of the Phoenix* it was "resting on a dune." Los Angeles County is no less debilitating. In "The Sunset Kid," Ben Hecht's short story, the Santa Monica sun "was resting like a hoop on the horizon." The sun that "played a tattoo on your skull" shone on the island of Corfu, Gerald Durrell remembers.

Some writers use sunlight to bring out character. Scott Fitzgerald, the sun, and Daisy Buchanan: "For a moment the last sunshine fell with romantic affection upon her glowing face; her voice compelled me forward breathlessly as I listened—then the glow faded, each light deserting her with a lingering regret, like children leaving a pleasant street at dusk."

A less pleasant sunlight image—but no less distinctive of its author's outlook—is Tom Wolfe's description in "The Noonday Underground": "The sun—the sun is out today—the sun shines off the glistening flaws on thousands of bursting lonely beetled faces on the sidewalks at noon." I'll take Daisy Buchanan, careless as she was, under her kind of sunlight.

When the day ends (dies, fades) and the sun sets (goes down, sinks, leaves for New Jersey), authors have the most trouble containing themselves. The sun "was sinking, smudged blood-red behind the bulk of Pandokrator, casting a skimmering reflection across the water like a flaming cypress tree." Gerald Durrell again, on Corfu.

In *Herzog*, after Saul Bellow notes the sun "now leaving for New Jersey and the west . . . surrounded by a dazzling broth of atmospheric gases," he tells us that the old red fox was "like the spot that inoculated us against the whole of disintegrating space." More hyperbole from our prize-winning novelist.

My favorite Significant literary sunset is William E. Barrett's on page 145 of *The Fools of Time*: "The day faded into night and the night into all of the tomorrows which were shrouded in mystery and across the horizon of time." You can look it up.

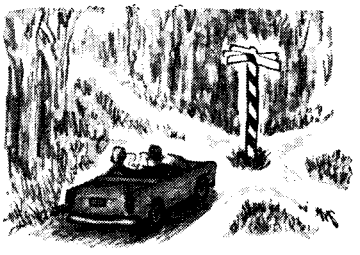
—RICHARD LIPEZ.

"You Can't Miss It!"

ONCE AGAIN, hot and tired vacationing motorists are getting hotter and tireder confronting the inevitable direction-givers. As any car traveler can tell you, roadside advice falls far short of bad. When you're lost again, and your wife is mad and the kids are snarling, and your dog is getting sick in the back of the station wagon, you get a little weary of comments like:

—"You can't miss it!" This is accompanied by a wave of the hand covering every point on the compass, and a long spiel in an unrecognizable dialect. The statement is a flat lie.

—"Which way are you heading?" Unless you're driving a 1947 Studebaker, any idiot can see which way you're heading. The headlights and windshield wipers furnish excellent clues.



When you respond by pointing ahead, the native shakes his head in annoyance and says, "You've got to turn around."

—"Never heard of it." This comment is often made by a loafer on the main street of a one-horse town, when asked directions to the next one-horse town. Or to a specific place he really should know about, like the Grand Canyon. It's discouraging to hear this response when you ask, "Which way to the Mississippi?"

—"You've gone too far." The vacationer hates to hear this because he knows, he knows, he's gone too far. He's gone too far that day. He's gone too far into debt. The whole trip was a big mistake.

Perhaps the most frustrating and annoying confrontation is with the direction-giver who assumes that you know the area like a native. Let's say you're in the family station wagon with the aforementioned wife and kids and dog, and you've stopped to ask directions in a little California town. Your car has New York license plates and is plastered with Disneyland stickers. You're wearing your Hawaiian print shirt and baseball hat. The kids are leaning out the windows with cameras. Your wife is looking at a big road map. The car is piled high with suitcases and junk, and you're pulling a camping trailer.

Native slowly takes in this scene, then ambles up to your car and says: "Do you know where the old mill used to be?"

You shake your head wearily.

Native is amazed. He tries a new tack: "Go down this street past the Judge's house, bear left, and you'll come to the corner where the tramp got run over by the steam roller in Thirty-five. That's either the second or third crossroads. You know where the big oak tree was, on the left?"

Again you shake your head and let drop the fact that you're new to this area. Native's mouth falls open. He can't believe it!

"Hell, everybody knows where the oak tree was! Right next to Bob Morris's place. There's a stop sign right on the corner. Or there was. It got torn out the same time the tree went. The big storm, you know."

Suppressing the urge to stick your glowing cigar between his eyes, you plead for detailed directions. Then he delivers the clincher:

"If you come to a red house on the right side of the road, red with yellow trim, with a white picket fence all around, and two giant redwoods out front, and directly across the street, on the left, is a field with three radio towers, then you've taken the wrong fork."

—DERECK WILLIAMSON.

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Neglected Values Locked Into the Law

by SIDNEY HYMAN

JUSTICE DENIED: The Case for Reform of the Courts, by Leonard Downie, Jr. (*Praeger, 224 pp., $6.95*); **GETTING JUSTICE: The Rights of People, by Stephen Gillers** (*Basic Books, 228 pp., $6.95*); **WITH JUSTICE FOR SOME: An Indictment of the Law by Young Advocates, edited by Bruce Wasserstein and Mark J. Green** (*Beacon, 400 pp., $12.50*); **CRIME AND JUSTICE IN AMERICAN SOCIETY, edited by Jack D. Douglas** (*Bobbs-Merrill, 297 pp., $7.50*); **THE RULE OF LAW, edited by Robert Paul Wolff** *Simon & Schuster, 254 pp., $6.95*)

Law is to the social sciences what the infantry is to warfare. Yet the law schools serving the legal profession immediately prior to the 1960s saw the matter differently. A law student could graduate summa cum laude and have behind him several years of intense training during which he never once heard his professors mention the word *justice* nor draw attention to the many interfaces of law and justice. The law, as taught, comprised a series of self-contained cubicles called "contracts," "personal and real property," "criminal law," "evidence," "corporation law," "taxation," "wills and trusts," and so on. These were the "how-to-do-it," income-producing courses in the regimen of legal training, and all else was viewed as "frills."

There were few exceptions to this myopic curriculum, of which a major one was the University of Chicago's law school. There such deans as Edward H. Levi and Phil C. Neal, and such professors as Nicholas Katzenbach, Harry Kalven, Jr., Philip Kurland, and Norval Morris—each pre-eminent in his own branch of law—tried to design and teach a course of study that would be enriched by all the social sciences and have two concurrent aims. These were not only to graduate young advocates who were proficient in the law crafts, but to start early a qualification process whereby some of them might ultimately be fit to serve as judges and as administrators of the legal system as a whole.

Elsewhere in the nation, however, two negative factors were emblematic of the prevailing narrowness in the routine of legal training. For one thing, law schools that placed a high value on the study of jurisprudence—the philosophy and science of law—were scarce, as were schools where it was regularly taught. For another, it was hard to find professors of law who as much as agreed "in principle" that a coherent grasp of jurisprudence, with all the questions of values locked into the subject, was essential to a thorough training for the practice of law. Even in Harvard's eminent law school, where since 1939 students have had a unique opportunity to study jurisprudence under such a notable scholar as Professor Lon Fuller, the course was "optional." Since few students saw any connection between the topic and their work as advocates, few took his course.

Thus even highly successful members of the bar were ill equipped by training, outlook, or interest to provide effective leadership for a nation that was suddenly challenged in the late 1950s by all the old and neglected questions of jurisprudence: the legitimacy of authority; the sources for the lawfulness of the law; the aims and limits of law; the interdependence—or its lack—between law and justice; "natural law"; the right of civil disobedience. Also confronting the nation during that period was an urgent new question: whether the American legal system *as* a system was equal to the task of *administering* its own responses to the massive claims now

SIDNEY HYMAN, a professorial lecturer in the social sciences at the University of Chicago, wrote *Politics of Consensus*.

SR: BOOKS

Book Review Editor: ROCHELLE GIRSON

19 **"Justice Denied: The Case for Reform of the Courts,"** by Leonard Downie, Jr.; **"Getting Justice: The Rights of People,"** by Stephen Gillers; **"With Justice for Some: An Indictment of the Law by Young Advocates,"** edited by Bruce Wasserstein and Mark J. Green; **"Crime and Justice in American Society,"** edited by Jack D. Douglas; **"The Rule of Law,"** edited by Robert Paul Wolff

22 **Book Forum: Letters from Readers**

23 **"Collected Stories,"** by Mary Lavin

24 **"The World Without Women,"** by Virgilio Martini

25 **"The Bark Tree"** by Raymond Queneau

26 **"The Christian Tradition: A History of the Development of Doctrine. Vol. I.: The Emergence of the Catholic Tradition (100-600),"** by Jaroslav Pelikan

27 **"The Grundrisse,"** by Karl Marx, edited by David McLellan

28 **"The Southern Strategy,"** by Reg Murphy and Hal Gulliver

29 **"Science in American Society: A Social History,"** by George H. Daniels

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being made on its institutional and human resources.

Meanwhile most of the rest of us were faithfully repeating the high school civics-book maxim that we were a "government of laws" rather than of men. Rarely did we notice that the difference between "the law on the books" and "the law in action"—as administered through the "discretionary justice" of officialdom—was as vast as the gap between Emily Post's rules of etiquette and the manners of a donnybrook.

We also repeated another reassuring tenet of the civics-book catechism: if the lower trial courts made serious errors, courts of appeal—forming a hierarchy of angels capped by the Supreme Court—would catch them and reverse the decisions. Aside from the fair questions we neglected to ask about the work of the angels themselves, we failed to see that for the ordinary citizen the decision reached by a trial court in a civil or criminal case—even if shot through with reversible errors—was final. The average person's effective right of appeal foundered on his inability to pay the high costs of the appeal process.

Then came the 1960s, during which a law explosion of shattering force hit all the institutions composing the American legal system. No single volatile element ignited it. The charge comprised a mixture of eruptive conditions. Among them were sharp increases in population, the diffusions of modern technologies, new government regulations addressed to an increasingly complex economic order, the legacy of the civil rights crusade, the antipoverty programs, and resistance to the Vietnam War. Additional disturbing elements of the explosion included the consumer and ecological movements, the claims of submerged groups for legal redress of their grievances, the waning influence of nonlegal agencies of social control such as the family, the church, and a "community consensus."

Each has added its own force to the battering of our legal system. There have been vastly more civil claims than heretofore to be weighed, more criminal charges to be investigated, more proceedings under civil rights and poverty legislation, more adjudications to be made in matters of mental illness, alcoholism, narcotics addiction, and juvenile delinquency. The present institutional capacity of our legal system is inadequate to deal with them in such a fashion that justice will not only be done but will be visible as it is being done.

As yet there has been no rallying of the nation's will to demand and support the kind of political decisions that alone can reform and shore up our legal system in fundamental ways—decisions that our legislature alone can make. What has occurred, however, has an importance of its own. We have been provided in recent years with a number of landmark studies by Presidential commissions that have laid a provisional factual and conceptual foundation for further consideration of such problems as law enforcement, the administration of justice, the causes and control of violence. The Supreme Court has elaborated the norms for "due process of law," and now, under the leadership of Chief Justice Burger, steps are being taken to "educate" federal judges regarding the nature of their work, and to increase the administrative efficiency of the federal courts generally.

Here and there not only law professors but social critics have been reviving an interest in jurisprudence—this as part of a search for the norms and principles on which reforming the law can proceed in reasonably good order. In the realm of criminal justice specifically we are witnessing the start of a movement to break down the conceptual walls that have imprisoned and separated in isolated cells the work of sociologists, psychologists, criminal lawyers, judges, prosecutors, and penologists.

A number of books have popularized an emergent professional consensus about various matters covered by the legal system. One of the best is *The Honest Politician's Guide to Crime Control*, by Norval Morris and Gordon Hawkins, published in 1970. Solidly founded on an intellectual underpinning derived partly from Jeremy Bentham but mainly from John Stuart Mill, it asks what types of conduct need to be enforced by law, then sets forth some hard-headed proposals that, by "decriminalizing" certain classes of behavior now defined as crimes under most criminal codes, could materially help to relieve the congestion in the institutions concerned with the administration of criminal justice.

Numerous other new books are contributing to an understanding of how far we have to go before our legal system can serve the cause of a just public order. Five of the most recent deserve special mention.

Justice Denied: The Case for Reform of the Courts, by Leonard Downie, Jr., is mainly focused on what actually goes on in the courtrooms of our major cities where trial judges preside. For the average citizen the trial judge, ideally, should personify "living justice." Actually, Mr. Downie notes, the trial judge, whether due to rank incompetence or the relentless burden of too many cases, often appears the reverse.

Mr. Downie's finest pages deal with the device of "plea bargaining," without which the criminal justice system would collapse. The quid pro quo between defense and prosecuting attorneys in the deal (involving some 90 per cent of all persons charged with crimes) is that the accused will not ask for a jury trial if the prosecution will reduce the charge to one that is less serious and carries a shorter prison sentence. The author's portrayal of the hypocrisy of the court's own role in acting as if there had never been a secret covenant between defense attorneys and prosecutors is in the tradition of Rabelais, Swift, Fielding, and Dickens.

Stephen Gillers, a New York City lawyer, recognizes that procedural forms in the law go far toward achieving justice done under law. When procedures are lightly valued, the way is

Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

GHOST TOWNS

Zip codes won't help the Post Office locate these towns, but each was home to one of the characters listed. Michael J. Thornton of Belmont, California, wants you to match character, town, and state, or gravitate to the Dead Letter Office on page 30.

1. Altamont ( )
2. East Egg ( )
3. Gopher Prairie ( )
4. Grover's Corners ( )
5. Jefferson ( )
6. Poker Flat ( )
7. Spoon River ( )
8. St. Petersburg ( )
9. Starkfield ( )
10. Tilbury Town ( )
11. Winesburg ( )
12. Yellow Sky ( )

A. California
B. Illinois
C. Maine
D. Massachusetts
E. Minnesota
F. Mississippi
G. Missouri
H. New Hampshire
I. New York
J. North Carolina
K. Ohio
L. Texas

a. Daisy Buchanan
b. Quentin Compson
c. Richard Cory
d. Eugene Gant
e. Carol Kennicott
f. Lucinda Matlock
g. John Oakhurst
h. Zeena Frome
i. Jack Potter
j. Becky Thatcher
k. Emily Webb
l. George Willard

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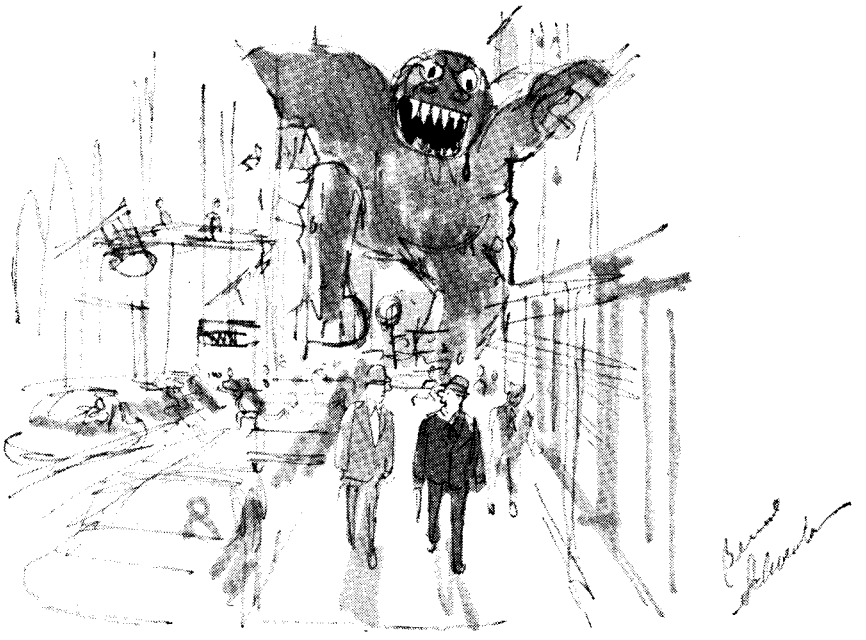
open to the condition prevailing in Nazi Germany when judges were enjoined "to punish according to the healthy instincts of the German people." The result was a serialized nightmare during which the law became another name for unbridled willfulness. It is Mr. Gillers's purpose, therefore, to bring together in *Getting Justice*, for access to the layman, the Supreme Court's norms for "due process of law." He then lucidly discusses these norms as they apply to arrest, search, and seizure; the right to counsel; the privilege against self-incrimination; wiretapping and eavesdropping; the use of undercover informers; and juvenile justice.

Unfortunately, the existence of these norms does not mean that they will automatically operate for the people who need them most. Nor is Mr. Gillers deceived about this. Like Mr. Downie in his treatment of the subject with respect to the courts, he shows how rules for "due process of law" are evaded, avoided, or violated in police practices.

In *With Justice for Some* Mark J. Green and Bruce Wasserstein, both fairly recent graduates of the Harvard law school, have brought together and edited essays by sixteen contributors. Like the editors, all of them are young and all, as recently qualified members of the bar or as law students completing their training, represent the newly emergent breed of "public interest lawyer" best exemplified by Ralph Nader.

Each contributor to the volume deals with a separate aspect of contemporary law as it affects young people, students, soldiers, women, consumers, blacks, and debtors, or the poor of any color. Each advances his own proposals for remedying the law. All, however, strongly argue that the time has come to recognize the harsh reality that equal justice in America is a myth, that the legal system—starting in the law schools—"is designed largely for the powerful to contend among themselves or against the weak." It is a system "in which the accused, the ignorant, and the inconsequential have at best token representation" either because they cannot afford adequate representation or because "judicial and administrative politics, archaic authoritarian procedures, and endemic delays comprise an additional layer of obstacles to the use of the law."

Another group of essays by young critics—eight in all—have been collected by Jack D. Douglas in *Crime and Justice in American Society*. The book's worth and the source of its unity and force lie in its debate against an adversary mainly represented by the President's Commission on Law Enforcement and the Administration of Justice—whose separate task forces



"Air, water, sound pollution, power shortages. What next?"

provided massive material for the 1967 report "The Challenge of Crime in a Free Society." Whether or not the reader agrees with the essayists' opinion about the President's Commission, he will gain understanding as he follows their dialectical clarification.

The writers find much to approve in the work of the President's Commission. Yet their common conclusion, voiced by Jack Douglas, is that the Commission failed to "provide any radically creative understandings of crime and justice in our society and, worse, did not offer alternatives to our present practices that would work." Still worse, the report "never seriously examines the possibility of changing any basic aspects of our present laws and legal institutions for contending with the problems of crime and justice." Thus the Commission took for granted that those activities should be crimes that "are now legally defined as crimes." Instead, it should have begun by asking itself "what should be legally defined as 'crimes' in our society today."

The contributors to the Douglas volume argue, as did Norval Morris and Gordon Hawkins last year, that "laws, law enforcement, crime and justice are largely determined by political decisions"— the laws themselves are a "cause for crime" simply because they define some acts as criminal. It is the purpose of the essayists, therefore, to show how they would use the laws to "decriminalize" many actions now denominated as crimes.

One of their major contributions is a frontal attack on the view of the President's Commission that the challenge of crime in a free society can be met only by a socio-economic reordering of our society. The essayists certainly do not oppose equitable social policies. Neither do they argue that we must eliminate slums and every other social ill before we can solve our worst problems connected with crime and injustice. Their central assumption is that the most severe problems of crime and injustice stem directly from the nature of our laws and legal practices. Summarizing his colleagues' views, Jack Douglas writes:

> The Presidential commission's choice of placing the blame for these problems on social imbalances became a way of absolving legislators and legal authorities from responsibility for their own failures to create and administer practicable and just laws and legal procedures. We do not absolve them. We hold them most culpable, collectively and personally, for our most urgent problems of crime and injustice. They will continue to be [culpable] as long as they continue to administer and support the present system of unworkable and unjust laws and legal procedures.

The Rule of Law, edited by Robert Paul Wolff (who describes himself as a "philosophical anarchist"), contains exceptionally meaty essays. Contributors, besides Mr. Wolff, include some of America's most eminent lawyers and social critics—Lon L. Fuller, Daniel Boorstin, Howard Zinn, Stanley Diamond, Anthony Wallace, Richard Barnet, Ronald Dworkin, and Edgar Z. Friedenberg. Any one of the essays could easily be expanded into a book, and all are written with elegance.

Together they effectively elucidate the cardinal questions of jurisprudence. Does law, for example, actually maintain stability, resolve disputes, protect freedom? Does it inhibit social change? Is the legal system capable of

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justly eliminating social conflicts? Is law absolutely necessary for a social system? What are the sources of law? What is the relationship, if any, between custom and law, or between law and justice? In what ways can law maintain impartiality and adjust to new social conditions? What are the viable alternatives to formally promulgated law in dealing with social control? On what principles can and should the law be reformed?

These questions and the manner in which they are answered can have immense consequences for the individual and his society. For, as A. V. Dicey noted in his 1905 lecture on Jeremy Bentham, a man may fervently believe that the laws of a country are radically wrong and may be prepared to advocate their change even at the cost of violence. If, however, he is guided by some idea of abstract right, as a concept independent of the consequences it may lead to, he may, like Rousseau, popularize ideas that kindle a revolution, but he will hardly become a systematic reformer. He does not possess any definite criterion by which to test the merits or defects of a law. Although he may perceive that things are wrong, he cannot define a definite principle through whose application bad laws might in every case be either eliminated or amended.

The contributors to *The Rule of Law* are all seriously concerned with these challenges of jurisprudence. They are workers on a mission too long neglected and now urgent—that of removing the blindfold from Justitia, to look her in the eyes, and to have her in turn see how, if at all, she affects the community she is meant to serve.

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1464

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1464 will be found in the next issue. (Answer is below for No. 1459, which inadvertently ran in SR, *July 31; the Aug. 14 issue will also carry answer to No. 1463.)*

FX'N UVFGU XV KT BWG XV YCXSD CGA NTT DVY JVGU XDT OTTE SCG ETTI XDT TCZXD CBXTZ XDTR FGDTZFX FX. —EFG DWKKCZA

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1459

. . . . The most important lesson for every time of life—is this: "Never hurt anybody."

—ROUSSEAU.

Book Forum

Letters from Readers

Blacks and the Boer War

IN CHARLES MILLER'S REVIEW of Anthony Nutting's *Scramble for Africa* [*SR*, July 17], there is not a mention of the one overriding factor which created the schism between Englishman and Boer, and laid the groundwork for the Boer War and for South Africa's present sorrowful state. Slavery was abolished in the British Empire in 1832. Prior to that, the Boers had dwelt in Cape Colony and Natal, but they would not give up their black slaves and made the celebrated Great Trek across the Orange River and the Vaal, to set up the Transvaal and Orange "Free" State with slavery established as before. This situation maintained until creation of the Union of South Africa, at which time slavery was formally abolished (although it survived in many Boer areas, and exists today, at least in substance, with the ascendance of the Boers to power in South Africa).

Thus the Boer War was not the courageous fight of a brave, beleaguered Boer band against the mighty British Empire, but a greedy, racist white minority seeking to retain the servitude of the black natives from whom they had stolen the land.

THOMAS J. CUMMINS,
Rialto, Calif.

Nu?

I AM PUZZLED by Maurice Samuel's description of the Yiddish *nu* [*SR*, July 17] as a Slavism. In several of the meanings cited by Samuel it has been current in German since Middle High German, and even Old High German; its ancestry is certainly Germanic, as well as Slavic.

WILLIAM E. UMBACH,
Cleveland, O.

Swingers

I READ "The New Sexistentialism," by Benjamin DeMott [*SR*, July 10]; then I vomited. Am I a pervert or something?

MRS. M. D. STERLING,
Prescott, Ariz.

BENJAMIN DEMOTT MAKES GOOD SENSE when he points out in "The New Sexistentialism" the deficiencies of swinging as a panacea for all the ills that beset modern man.

But what I missed in Benjamin DeMott's discussion, and in the authors he discussed, was any mention of love. This seems rather strange, considering all the talk of brothers and sisters, the strident rejection by the women's libbers of their role as sex objects, the cry for universal love that rose with the Age of Aquarius.

We can propound social solutions—political, educational, familial—till we are blue in the face, but it seems to me that unless we somehow rediscover the dignity that belongs to each individual human being, and unless we relearn to bear each other's burdens on a one-to-one basis and in the spirit of loving concern, our humanity will die, and we might as well also.

JOHN DEWITT MCKEE,
Socorro, N.M.

IF ANYONE YET WONDERS how fares the First Amendment, it is alive and well. Proof positive: *Saturday Review!* After reading "The New Sexistentialism" I'm convinced anything can be published. (And I do mean *anything*.)

MILDRED DENNIS,
Crescent City, Fla.

No Gnostic

NANCY WILSON ROSS' REVIEW of *The End of Religion: Autobiographical Explorations*, by Dom Aelred Graham [*SR*, July 3], raises several interesting questions:

1) Reference is made to the "Gnostic" Marcion. Marcion was not a Gnostic, although he lived at the time when Gnostics were active. He made a distinction between the God of the Old Testament and the God of the New, and adopted a highly restricted canon, excluding the Old Testament and restricting the New to Luke and the writings of Paul. He is not included among the thinkers who developed elaborate mythological systems, typified by such men as Valentinus and Basilides, as well as the unknown writers of the newly discovered Nag Hammadi literature. Perhaps the author and the reviewer should be reminded that Marcionism had a rebirth in our century when certain so-called "Christians" in Hitlerite Germany took their cue from "Der Fuehrer" and excluded the Old Testament from their sacred scriptures.

2) If Dom Aelred has reservations about the Bible, which he is quoted as calling "the world's most overrated book," why does Nancy Ross compare his attitude with what she calls "certain modern evangelists often photographed holding aloft the Bible while proclaiming every word to be true"? For generations serious scholars have devoted themselves to the study of the Bible without "holding" that "every word" is true.

3) As a Christian I do protest against the characterization of Jews and their sacred scriptures as described in the quotation by Joseph Campbell in *The Masks of God*—that the Old Testament is "but the overinterpreted parochial history and manufactured genealogy of a single subrace of a southwest Asian strain." Further, in the vast literature of 4,000 years is it only possible to select for examples Numbers 15:32-36 and the second-century writer Marcion? What of the searching insights of the prophets, the teachings of the Rabbis, and the sayings of Jesus?

OTTO REIMHERR,
Selinsgrove, Pa.

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COLLECTED STORIES

by Mary Lavin

Houghton Mifflin, 425 pp., $8.95

Reviewed by Thomas A. Gullason

■ In *The Lonely Voice* (1963) Frank O'Connor said of Mary Lavin: "She fascinates me more than any other of the Irish writers of my generation because more than any of them her work reveals the fact that she has not said all she has to say." In *Collected Stories*, a representative sampling of her work from 1940 to the present, Miss Lavin proves why she fascinates, and why she deserves far more attention than she has received, for she has produced some of the finest short stories by a contemporary artist. This collection, her twelfth, includes six never before published in the United States.

Probably some of these narratives will appeal more to women than to men—"The Long Ago," for instance, and "The Young Girls," "The Small Bequest," and "The Cuckoo-Spit." But both sexes will respond strongly to the stories as a whole. With her scrupulous eye for detail, Miss Lavin dissects the emotional lives of old maids, widows, dominating females, shy and forward girls and boys, bickering children, passive husbands, strong men of the sea, dull priests and heroic ones. She opens up new vistas into the paradoxical relationships that make up the human condition.

On the surface, two of the major stories in this collection—"The Green Grave and the Black Grave" and "The Great Wave"—seem quite unlike the rest of Miss Lavin's fiction. Anyone would think these tough, grim sea stories could only have been written by a man. In "The Green Grave and the Black Grave" she writes:

> "It was seven weeks before Maolshaughlin O'Dalaigh was got, and his eye sockets emptied by the gulls and the gannies."
> "And by the waves. The waves are great people to lick out your eyeballs!" said Tadg Mor.

This story, though, is far more than a harsh study of the Irish fisherman's lot. It is a poignant confrontation with the Gaelic heritage; more, it is a classic Greek dirge, where Nature's brute strength meets its match in the fortitude and love of a fisherman and his "inland" wife.

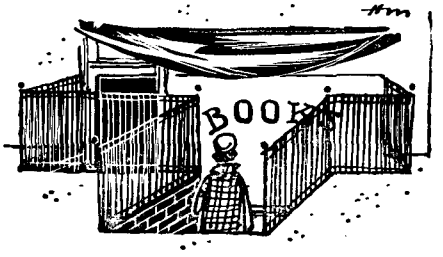
"The Great Wave" deals with the same world. In this instance a bishop, the only child of a sea widow, recalls the miracle of his youth as he journeys to his former island home for the confirmation ceremony. As in "The Green Grave and the Black Grave," the author reveals her insight into the beauty and terror of the sea. She describes it with remarkable fidelity:

> The waves were no longer round and soft, like the little cnoceens in the fields back of the shore, but they had small sharp points on them now, like the rocks around the Point, that would rip the bottom out of a boat with one tip, the way a tip of a knife would slit the belly of a fish. That was a venomous comparison, though, and for all their appearance, when they hit against the flank of the boat, it was only the waves themselves that broke and patterned the water with splotches of spray.

Among Mary Lavin's major stories are the characteristic "Frail Vessel" and "The New Gardener." In the first, the frail Liddy is pregnant, and her erring husband has had to run off. Liddy is at the mercy of her cold and calculating sister, Bedelia, who has a dependable husband and financial security. But Liddy has spiritual strength and beauty; Bedelia cannot, try as she might, enslave or destroy her. In "The New Gardener," Clem dramatizes the emotions of pain and gentleness. Gradually, through his awesome refrain, "Learn to distinguish!" he discloses the mystery hidden in his soul. Often Mary Lavin's characters are in physical and psychological bondage; they struggle to be free.

In her various stories Miss Lavin demonstrates many skills that have made her a master of her craft. She can enter so naturally into the minds of her characters—whether male or female, adult, adolescent, or child—and capture their special, individual voices. With a painter's eye she can deftly sketch in a scene or locale, and bring it fully to life. Here is a brief passage from the opening of "At Sallygap," a tender and pathetic study of Manny, who reviews his woeful marriage and his earlier freedom:

> Dublin was all exposed. The passengers told each other they could see every inch of it. They could certainly see every church steeple and every tower. But, had they admitted as much, they would have said that the spires and steeples that rose up out of the blue pools of distance below looked little better than dark thistles rising up defiantly in a pale pasture.



Miss Lavin makes poetry of her prose by drawing on music techniques. This gift is superbly demonstrated by her use of counterpoint and dissonance in "The Green Grave and the Black Grave" and "Sunday Brings Sunday."

All these qualities and more can be easily missed because the author has the boldness to bypass "relevant" contemporary themes and styles. There are no social or political crises or manifestoes in this collection, no revolutionary stylistic innovations. Miss Lavin, who is simply a storyteller with a fierce commitment to average people in primitive and provincial settings, has the courage to face the commonplace, everyday problems of life. Although she employs a small cast of characters, she achieves a breakthrough to a larger comprehension of things human by means of her penetrating vision.

In these stories Miss Lavin seems obsessed with dying; the cemetery is a recurrent image. Even stories with postive titles—"Happiness" and "The Living"—deal with death. Yet Mary Lavin is not a morbid writer, for she uses the image of death as a mirror to life, and the beginnings and middles of human trials and decisions. Miss Lavin does have a Proustian obsession with Time Lost; her men and women often try to regain it. In "The Long Ago" the desperate Hallie makes one final bid to recapture the past with her childhood friends Dolly and Ella, and her attempt ends disastrously. While there are comic touches in this author's fiction, as in "At Sallygap" and "The Cemetery in the Demesne," she is basically a serious writer constantly probing life's little ironies. Miss Lavin is both merciless and merciful as she portrays the greed, stupidity, hypocrisy, selfishness, loneliness, innocence, beauty, and strength of her characters. To Mary Lavin the earth is good but it is also hard.

A few of the stories in this volume—"The Long Holidays," "My Vocation," "The Mouse"—are essentially anecdotes. They could have been replaced by "The Will," "Heart of Gold," and "The Becker Wives"—far richer pieces published elsewhere. Nonetheless, *Collected Stories* reaffirms the obvious: Mary Lavin has always had a great gift. Her "Miss Holland," which is not included here, is one of the best first stories ever produced.

Thomas A. Gullason, professor of English at the University of Rhode Island, co-edited "The World of Short Fiction: An International Collection," which was published in its second edition earlier this year. His book "Stephen Crane's Career" will be released in the fall by New York University Press.

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THE WORLD WITHOUT WOMEN

by Virgilio Martini
translated from the Italian
by Emile Capouya

Dial, 125 pp., $5.95

Reviewed by Charles Lam Markmann

■ If there were more bitterness in this vision of Apocalypse and after, one would inevitably think of Swift; if there were more bias, of Voltaire; if there were more joy of rhetoric, of Mencken. But Virgilio Martini, as incisive a satirist as any of these, is undiluted. Virgin of their excesses and their fondnesses alike, he leaves no aspect of mankind or its works unbloodied—as far as one can determine, at any rate—in this hilariously depressing projection of its future, world without end, amen.

Certainly, if the book achieves the audience it deserves, *The World Without Women* will inspire the most stupendous united "defense" front that any agitprop fantasist could conceive. This novel will be denounced by heterosexual men, homosexual men, women of both kinds, pacifists, the military, the educationists (and no doubt the educators too), the politicians (the word *statesmen* having become an anachronism), the learned and unlearned professions, the police, the clergy, the agnostics, the atheists, the blacks, the Jews, the Tories, the Marxists, the Freudians, the post-Freudians, the structuralists, the totalitarians, the democrats, the anarchists . . . One sees their thousand guises, hears their thousand slogans as they march on New York to blow up The Dial Press and on to Florence to fill Martini with castor oil. For he has spared none of them; and none has he merely pinked. Anti-Defamation Leagues of the world, unite! You have nothing to lose but what face you have left.

When *The World Without Women* was first written, in 1935, its author lived in South America; the next year he published the book in Ecuador under a pseudonym. As soon as the satire reached Italy, Mussolini suppressed it as obscene. In 1954 Martini, who is a publisher as well as a writer, reissued the work in Florence under his own name, and again he was prosecuted—twice—for obscenity. Both legal actions failed, for there is not a "dirty" word or an "exciting" episode anywhere in the book. What was found objectionable perhaps was that worst of all obscenities, truth.

The womanless world begins in the year 2000 as the result of a biological *attentat* by the Misogynists' Club, whose 687 homosexual members are ultimately given a fair trial and executed. But twenty-nine years after their introduction of the microbe *Spirobacicoccus gynophagus*, which is fatal to any woman between puberty and menopause, the world's population has shrunk, people are living mostly in the tropical areas (and not infrequently getting about on all fours), a series of revolutions provoked by religious racketeering has reduced the world through successive dictatorships to chaotic anarchy, and there are no surviving women under the age of seventy.

Except the hypnotized daughter of Samuel Levy in New York, who awakens his Rebecca when it is safe—falloppitis having died out for lack of victims. With her as the new *Urmutter* he proceeds to revive the human race and fill the new national (and personal) treasury with gold rebeccos paid in by those who hire Rebecca's body on a sliding scale of rentals and those others who pay to see repopulation taking place. To the whole world's disgust, her first child is a boy, who is named Desiderato; but he is followed by Eve, of whom mankind is to be reborn. The world starts up again; matriarchies, empires, republics, communes, and tribes once more evolve. Old names—Homer, Petrarch, Edison, Levy, Brahma, Wotan, Jesus—vanish, but old needs never: the need to be white, the need to be honored, the need to be cheated, the need to dominate. Of the past, mankind remembers only the names of Eve and of Rebecca, her Virgin Mother.

And men go on

> believing, or trying to convince others, that they thought, acted, worked, enriched themselves, prayed, studied, got excited, and killed one another for the Fatherland, for Civilization, for Religion, for Art, or for Science. But they kept on looking at the soft, rounded forms of women. Today even as yesterday, tomorrow even as today; in this instant of Eternity representing all the millennia past and to come for mankind on this ball of mud; now as in the beginning, now and forever.

The World Without Women can be read in an hour, but only to be reread and reread. Every page is a barbed delight, though surely that reader is nonexistent who does not feel a dart aimed at him. Half the pleasure of the book lies in this almost flagellant recognition.

Emile Capouya's flowing translation captures all the subtlety of Italian irony. The only flaws in this book, apart from the vulgarity of the jacket drawing, are the errors caused by the slovenliness of its copy-editing, an American publishing disease that seems to be spreading like falloppitis.

Charles Lam Markmann is a critic, translator, novelist, and journalist, who is working on an analytical study of an aspiring American dynasty.

The Survivor

by David Wagoner

We found the salmon on its side, the river no longer
Covering all of it, the hooked jaws gaping
And closing around as much sharp air as water.

It lay on the stones, far from the nesting hollow,
Its dark flanks battered cadaver-white, and fungus
Scaling its gills the color of marigolds.

"Help it," she said. "I can't help it, it's dying"—
Looking hard at the upper eye struck dull
As a stone, overcast with cataracts.

But it splashed to life, came scuttering, fishtailing forward
As if the two of us were a place upstream,
And we saw its humpback writhe ashore, then tilt

Upright in an inch of water. It mouthed the ripples
And stared with both eyes now at the empty sunlight,
Not knowing where it was. I turned it away

With my boot, catching my breath. It lurched and slid
To a pool as deep as its body, then lunged in the current
And gradually fell downstream, while we followed it

(Where the yellow leaves came scattering to the shallows)
And watched its dorsal fin be joined by another
To hang there, wavering, for the cold time being.

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THE BARK TREE

by Raymond Queneau
translated from the French by Barbara Wright

New Directions, 281 pp., $9.50;
paperback, $3.95

Reviewed by Tom Bishop

■ American readers who have come to know the inimitable comic universe of Raymond Queneau through the charming but inconsequential *Zazie* or through the stylistic pyrotechnics of *Exercises in Style*, can finally savor his first novel—and one of his best—*The Bark Tree (Le Chiendent)*, published in France in 1933. Then, as now, Queneau was preoccupied with problems of language. French, as it was written, he felt, no longer related to the way people spoke; he wanted the written idiom to reproduce the slang and colloquialism of ordinary street conversation.

Queneau set out to do a modern slang translation of Descartes' *Discourse on Method*; fortunately, he was carried further than he had expected and produced this strange, hilarious novel, which is a masterpiece of black humor and at the same time a meaningful, philosophic meditation. The odd cast of characters includes a bistro owner, a waitress, a maid, an obnoxious, grimy lycée student, a midwife-abortionist, a concierge who reads his tenants' mail, a third-rate magician, and a malevolent white-bearded dwarf who goes by the angelic name of Bébé Toutout. The setting is lower-middle-class Paris and the nearby *banlieu*: drab houses and cafés embellished by a peculiar Parisian flavor.

It would be almost as difficult—and as pointless—to "tell" the plot of *The Bark Tree* as to give a synopsis of a Marx Brothers film. Suffice it to say that everyone becomes hopelessly entangled in a search for a huge amount of money supposedly hidden behind a door by an old recluse junk dealer. After countless improbable happenings, it turns out that there is no treasure; behind the door there is nothing, only a wall: the old man had hung the door on the wall as one hangs a mirror, and all the competing devious plans to rob him of his purported wealth are foiled. The gratuitous, madcap quality of Queneau's novel is somewhat reminiscent of Gide's *Lafcadio's Adventures*, probably the only one of his meticulously styled works that the younger writer could stomach.

The principal character, a bank clerk named Etienne Marcel, is the embodiment of the Cartesian *cogito*, "I think, therefore I am." At first, as he goes through life mechanically, he has no veritable existence; Etienne is perceived as a mere silhouette with no substance by Pierre, who, as a participant in the action as well as an observer, is both within the novel and beyond it. But one day Etienne notices two rubber ducks swimming in a hat filled with water in a store window (to prove that the hat is waterproof) and he realizes that he has glanced at the same display for two years without ever reacting to it. He begins to *think*, clumsily at first but with determination, and the more he thinks the more he *is*. Pierre sees him now more clearly; his substance becomes confirmed, and eventually he turns into a real, fleshed-out person given to complex metaphysical speculations on existence and nothingness, illusion and reality.

In fact, various characters share his speculative bent, including the concierge, who muses:

> Being is, nonbeing isn't
> Being isn't, nonbeing is
> Being is, nonbeing is
> Being isn't, nonbeing isn't.

The many colloquial philosophic monologues and dialogues are at once substantive and parodic. Queneau clearly views life as absurd (already!) and dwells insistently (though playfully) on the shadowy line that divides the actual from the imagined. *The Bark Tree* is also a caricature before the fact of Sartre's meditations in *Nausea* on existence, nothingness, contingency.

This fascinating novel is prophetic in other ways too: not only does it presage the anti-novel so much in vogue in France since 1950 (concerned not with outward events but with the impossibility of narrating a story, *The Bark Tree* was hailed by Robbe-Grillet as a "new novel" twenty years' premature); it is also a pioneer work in stressing the very contemporary concern with communication and the crisis of language.

In Queneau's hands, language—vocabulary, spelling, syntax—is manipulated, squeezed, and pulled until it fairly explodes and becomes a "neo-language" of slang and colloquialisms. These innovations, inspired by Joyce and Céline most of all, make translating Queneau a nightmarish task. Barbara Wright has translated Queneau before; she keenly senses the fun of his phonetic transcriptions: "so you think they're screwy?" "Howshd I know." "Couldn't be summing else?" "Ida know."

But French and English are by nature different, and the difference is accentuated in slang. The concierge's attempt at verse is rendered by Miss Wright as "the bird flue a way," which in no way measures up to the deliciously illiterate humor of *"I'uazo sang vola."* There are other unhappy moments in the translation, and one regrets the choice of English title (colloquially *chiendent* means "the rub" or "the fly in the ointment"). But the English version retains more than enough fun to delight the reader.

At the end of the novel Queneau escalates the level of comedy, of satire and parody. Suddenly he launches into a mock-heroic conflict between France and the Etruscans, which enables him to draw a devastating caricature of war and of human greed and stupidity. Again there are echoes of Céline's ferocity though without his bitterness. Queneau is cynical but not pessimistic. No one who writes as funny a book as this could really be a pessimist.

Tom Bishop is currently working on a study of Claude Simon.

"Walter, why can't we have a love-hate relationship like the Fowlers?"

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THE CHRISTIAN TRADITION: A History of the Development of Doctrine
Vol. I.: The Emergence of the Catholic Tradition (100-600)

by Jaroslav Pelikan

University of Chicago Press, 418 pp., $15

Reviewed by Robert L. Wilken

—Mario Micossi

■ With the appearance of this volume, Jaroslav Pelikan, professor of religious studies at Yale University, begins the publication of his monumental history of Christian thought. When completed, the work will comprise five volumes tracing the history of Christian doctrine from the beginning of the second century, *i.e.*, the period immediately after the New Testament, up to the present day. The subtitles of future volumes give some idea of the work's scope: 2) "The Spirit of Eastern Christendom (600-1700)"; 3) "The Growth of Medieval Theology (600-1300)"; 4) "Reformation of Church and Dogma (1300-1700)"; 5) "Christian Doctrine and Modern Culture (since 1700)." A bold and audacious undertaking indeed, but it is a task for which Pelikan is singularly equipped both by the largeness of his vision and the breadth of his learning.

Professor Pelikan's first volume examines carefully, almost reverently, the major ideas and movements in the formative period of Christian thinking: the relation of Christianity to Judaism; the encounter of Christianity with classical culture; early Christian heresies, *e.g.*, Gnosticism, Marcionism; the controversies over the doctrine of the Trinity and Christology in the East, over Donatism and Pelagianism in the West; and the eventual synthesis and codification of early Christian thought in the fifth and sixth centuries. Pelikan's method, unlike that of most historical surveys, is to observe closely the way ideas and beliefs are embodied in the actual texts of the period—theological, exegetical, devotional—while keeping alive a narrative line and sense of development. To implement this format, his editors have devised a helpful system of marginal notes. The work can be read as a book with a continuing plot, yet it will be useful in years to come as a reference and research tool.

The author, a Lutheran scholar, has in mind two kinds of readers: the first group including theological students, historians of Christianity, theologians; the second including historians of art, philosophy, or culture who are interested in the progress of Christian thought as it contributes to their respective disciplines. To the first he offers an interpretation that stresses the unity and coherence of the Christian system of belief, the continuity of a developing tradition, and the gradual deepening and solidifying of insights from one generation to another. To the second he offers a phenomenology or morphology of Christian beliefs as they were held by most Christians during the first six centuries. Christian doctrine, in Pelikan's view, is what the church believes, teaches, and confesses in its representative creeds, conciliar formulations, Biblical commentaries, liturgical books, and doctrinal tracts in any given period. ". . . we are trying here to listen to the chorus more than to the soloists. . . ."

Professor Pelikan, who has published a number of books on doctrinal subjects, stands in a grand line extending back to the great period of Christian historiography in nineteenth-century Germany, the time of Ferdinand Christian Baur, Albrecht Ritschl, and Adolf von Harnack. As such, his work can and should be seen as the first major attempt by an American historian to answer the chief question that has dominated the study of early Christian thought, namely the problem of the "hellenization" of the gospel. How did a movement which began with the preaching of a Jewish rabbi in Palestine become the dogmatic religion that we know from Christian history?

Disagreeing with Adolf von Harnack, the most brilliant exponent of the theory of "hellenization," who saw Christian dogma as a "work of the Greek spirit on the soil of the gospel," Pelikan contends that it is more accurate to speak of the growth of dogma as a "dehellenization" of the theology which had begun to develop in the nascent movement, a process by which the church threw up a wall against Greek speculation. "For in the development of both the dogmas of the early church, the trinitarian and the christological, the chief place to look for hellenization is in the speculations and heresies against which the dogma of the creeds and councils was directed." Dr. Pelikan's argument could have been strengthened somewhat if he had not begun his account at the beginning of the second century A.D., thereby ignoring the Jewish beginnings of Christian thought and the initial developments that led to the "hellenizing" tendencies. But his point is lucidly presented and skillfully argued. Perhaps someday he will give us his views on the earliest period of Christian thought.

Though this inquiry is historical in its conception and execution, it clearly bears a message for contemporary Christian thinkers. The author has no patience with those shrill voices that, proclaiming their liberation from the past, despise the Christian intellectual tradition in the name of modernity. Indeed, he is convinced that the Christian intellectual tradition is worth taking seriously even—perhaps particularly—in the late twentieth century. In this volume—as I am sure he will in those to follow—Professor Pelikan shows how originality, adaptability to change, considered reasonableness, and humanism have enabled the Christian intellectual tradition to deal creatively and imaginatively with the most troubling issues of every age.

Robert L. Wilken, assistant professor of the history of Christianity at Fordham University, is the author of "The Myth of Christian Beginnings" and "Judaism and the Early Christian Mind."

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THE GRUNDRISSE

by Karl Marx
edited and translated from the German by David McLellan

Harper & Row, 156 pp., $5.95

Reviewed by Spencer Pollard

■ This book is one more attempt to locate the "real" Karl Marx among his voluminous manuscripts. When the German socialist leader Karl Johann Kautsky asked Marx about publishing his complete works, the latter replied, "They would first have to be completed." Many never were, and the *Grundrisse* is the largest of the lot. From a thousand-page original, David McLellan, who is lecturer in politics and government at the University of Kent in Canterbury, has selected about one-tenth.

The architectural term *Grundrisse*, meaning "ground plans," was given to the work by earlier editors. Marx called it his *Economics*. We are not sure how much of this selection is pure Marx, since McLellan tells us, ". . . I have tried to make the text readable: I have added paragraphs and cut down Marx's italicizing drastically." A complete English edition, however, is expected within a few years.

McLellan and his publisher make very large claims for the *Grundrisse*. The publisher says: "Just as the publication of the *1844 Manuscripts* some forty years ago caused a revolution in the interpretation of Marx from the standpoint of his youth, so *The Grundrisse* necessitates a radical reappraisal of Marx's later work." And McLellan says: "If, on the other hand, Marx kept to the original plan and *Capital* is only the elaboration of the first of the six sections, then Marx's work is dramatically incomplete and it could be claimed that the *Grundrisse*, in so far as it is the *Grundrisse* of more than the first section, is the most fundamental work that Marx ever wrote."

The importance to Marxists of finding a new Marx every so often is, one suspects, closely related to repeated disappointments among Marxist intellectuals over the actual performance of Marxist states. The latest major episode was the repudiation of Fidel Castro by a group of French intellectual Marxists, led by Sartre. After Castro imprisoned the Cuban revolutionary poet Heberto Padilla, in March of this year, Sartre wrote an open letter to Castro, signed also by Alberto Moravia, Pier Paolo Pasolini, and Alain Renais, begging him to spare Cuba "the obscuranist dogmatism, cultural xenophobia, and general repression which Stalinism imposed on the Socialist world." (Castro responded that the signers were "shameless Lefists who live in Paris, Rome, and London, far from the battle.")

Louis Althusser has written recently that there are four Marxes, not all of them brothers within the economist's brain. The English designations for these phases listed by Althusser's translator in *For Marx* (1969) may be compared with the author's original French (*Pour Marx*, 1968):

1840-1844: the Early Works (*Oeuvres de jeunesse*)
1845: the Works of the Break (*Oeuvres de la coupure*)
1845-1857: the Transitional Works (*Oeuvres de la maturation*)
1857-1883: the Mature Works (*Oeuvres de la maturité*)

According to this list, the *Grundrisse*, on which he worked from October 1857 through March 1858, reflects the beginning of Marx's mature thought.

So what does this newest Marx tell us? There are a few trenchant sentences:

"To go to the slaughter is always the same sacrifice for the ox; this is no reason for beef to have a constant value." (Marx may be parodying Adam Smith here; the context isn't clear.)

"Capital assimilates living labor into itself 'as though love possessed its body' (Goethe)."

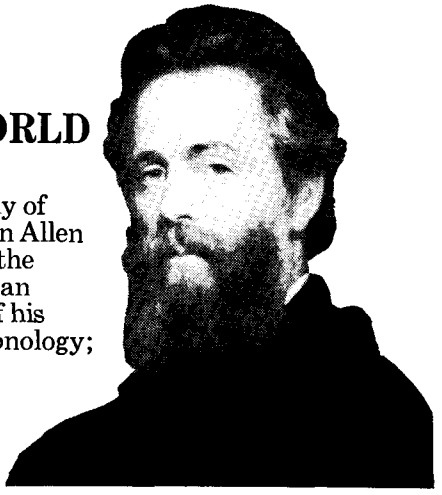
". . . the producer transforms himself into things; [then] things are transformed into human beings."

". . . within bourgeois society, which is founded on exchange value, relationships of commerce and production develop which are so many mines about to explode beneath them."

Most of the *Grundrisse*, however, is a resinging of an old Marxist tune. The worker under capitalism, Marx says, produces a product, not for his own use or sale, but for a capitalist to sell. The worker is thus alienated from his work. The machines the worker produces are owned by capitalists, who exploit the worker to make profits to buy more machines, among which the worker becomes more thinly dispersed and weaker as technology advances. The advantages of leisure and freedom, which might accrue to the worker from his increasing productivity, are siphoned off to the capitalist class. The worker thus performs "surplus labor" over and above what he would have to for the same market-basket of goods and services if "workers' associations" owned the machines. Marx makes this point so often that if, as the reviewer in the *Guardian* put it, "the *Grundrisse* seizes one by the throat," this reader was tempted to return the assault.

The *Grundrisse* also contains Marx's most generous appraisal of capitalism:

> Hence the great civilizing influence of capital, its production of a stage of society compared with which all earlier stages appear to be merely *local progress* and idolatry of nature. Nature becomes for the first time simply an object for mankind, purely a matter of utility; it ceases to be recognized as a power in its own right; and the theoretical knowledge of its independent laws appears only as a stratagem designed to subdue it to human requirements, whether as the object of consumption or as the means of production. Pursuing this tendency, capital has pushed beyond national boundaries and prejudices, beyond the deification of nature and the inherited, self-sufficient satisfaction of existing needs confined within well-defined bounds, and the reproduction of the traditional way of life. It is destructive of all this, and permanently revolutionary, tearing down all obstacles that impede the development of productive forces, the expansion of needs, the diversity of production and the exploitation and exchange of nature and intellectual forces.
>
> But because capital sets up any such boundary as a limitation, and is thus *ideally* over and beyond it, it does not in any way follow that it has *really* surmounted it, and since any such lim-



MELVILLE AND HIS WORLD
by Gay Wilson Allen

In the first Studio Pictorial Biography of a classic American writer, Gay Wilson Allen pays homage to the creator of one of the greatest masterpieces of literature in an authoritative yet informal portrait of his life and times. 130 photographs; chronology; bibliography $10.00

VIKING

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itation contradicts its vocation, capitalist production moves in contradictions which are constantly overcome, only to be, again, constantly re-established. Still more so. The universality toward which it is perpetually driving finds limitations in its own nature, which at a certain stage of its development will make it appear as itself the greatest barrier to this tendency, leading thus to its own self-destruction.

Marx and the classical economists whom he criticizes in the *Grundrisse* were all looking for an invisible hand, a hand belonging to a society so organized that it would produce freedom, wealth, justice, etc., as automatic by-products of the system itself. For Smith, the invisible hand belonged to a society fashioned along competitive lines, with cooperation between individuals only through the division of labor, and with the thinnest possible overlay of government. For Marx, the invisible hand was part of a future society in which workers' associations would own all machinery and other capital, and the worker would be advanced toward a life of security and freedom through cooperation in an over-all plan.

By now our experience with capitalism, communism, socialism, and the in-betweens may well have justified the conclusion that none of these economic systems has such an invisible hand, though each of them seems to have a visible foot, kicking holes into such supergoods as freedom, justice, and peace.

If we want to enjoy these supergoods, their production cannot be entrusted to an invisible hand. Their existence must be fabricated, no matter what form society takes. If we induce, or assign, enough labor, capital, land, and enterprise to the creation of freedoms, for example, we can have a number of them. Producing them requires constitutions, congresses, courts, police, attorneys, associations, clerks, schools, books, and whatever pertains to these agencies. If we want good human relations, as another example, we need educators, counselors, conciliators, referees, contracts, pacts, treaties, and the personnel to operate them. Each supergood requires its own industry—the peace industry, the justice industry, the freedom industry, as well as an industry to take care of the bads we produce along with our goods.

There is no invisible hand in any ism, and nothing Marx or Smith can say will make us believe in it now.

Spencer Pollard, professor of economics at the University of Southern California and an arbitrator of labor-management disputes, is the author of "How Capitalism Can Succeed" (1966).

THE SOUTHERN STRATEGY

by Reg Murphy and Hal Gulliver

Scribners, 273 pp., $7.95

Reviewed by Robert D. Behn

■ In 1960, Martin Luther King, Sr., endorsed Richard M. Nixon for President. Less than a decade later Mr. Nixon staked his political future on a line of action that required him to write off the black vote. Forsaking some of his party's oldest traditions, he opted for "the Southern strategy."

The theory is that the 14 per cent of the nation that voted for George Wallace in 1968 can be added to the 43 per cent that supported Nixon, to form a majority for the next Presidential election. The conservative Republican's dream of building a new coalition depends on the South, where the key to victory at the polls is thought to lie in opposition to radical integration. The catch is that if the GOP's racial policies keep a third-party candidate from running (enabling a Republican to carry Georgia, South Carolina, Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana) the Republicans will be rejected by the rest of the nation—including Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Florida.

In the North blue-collar workers, mostly Catholic, are to be attracted to the present Republican base, principally by taking a hard-line stand on morality and law-and-order issues. But, when forced to choose between a Republican with whom they agree on such matters and a Democrat who is more acceptable on key economic questions, these workers allow themselves the luxury of voting Republican only when the country is prosperous. And, unfortunately for the GOP, law-and-order rhetoric alienates traditionally Republican suburbanites.

As the editors of the *Atlanta Constitution,* Reg Murphy and Hal Gulliver, point out in their book, the intrinsic fallacy of the Southern strategy is its focus on the past, its effort to revive public debates that have already been resolved. Some Southern public schools have been desegregated; others are now in the process, and eventually all will follow. Even the man whom Richard Nixon selected to be the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court has ruled that desegregation must be accelerated.

Certainly Mr. Nixon never promised, before his election or since, that he would turn back the clock. As the lawyer he never lets you forget he is, the President stated only that he would do no more than he was legally required to do. But with Senator Strom Thurmond of South Carolina campaigning at his side, Southerners drew more sweeping conclusions. There can be little doubt that this is what Nixon intended.

Once he was elected, his political objectives conflicted with the responsibilities of office, and the result was confusion across the South. It was no longer clear to community leaders what was legally, let alone morally, expected of them and their schools. "The victims of Nixon's calculated catering to Southern segregationist sentiment were," Murphy and Gulliver write, "often as not, the responsible white citizens who had tried honestly to obey the law." Nixon had sacrificed the long-term respect and loyalty of the South's moderate leaders to woo votes of the segregationists. Republicans like Governor Linwood Holton of Virginia, who had his picture taken in September 1970 walking his daughters to a desegregated school, have their own plans for strengthening their party in the South. They are based not on dying issues and a dwindling clique but on a growing and farsighted constituency —urban and suburban moderates, newly enfranchised blacks, the young, and the aroused poor whites. "White Southerners, just like most people everywhere," the authors observe, "tend to want to believe in their own individual fairness and decency." As the battles over school desegregation slowly become history, any new Republican majority in the South will have to embody "fairness and decency."

The nation has believed, justifiably or not, that Nixon's major decisions on governmental policy have been based primarily on political expediency. He has pursued a strategy that Murphy and Gulliver describe as "anti-black, not with passion but with a cool, clear-eyed political cynicism." From their examination of the 1970 elections they conclude that "the Wallace voters of 1968 returned to, and stayed within, the Democratic Party in overwhelming numbers."

Although the authors provide a basic analysis of Richard Nixon's Southern strategy, they have expended little effort in exploring its fundamental flaw. Their book has moments of eloquence, but it rambles as if merely dictated, and the reader is forced to do the work that Gulliver and Murphy slighted.

Robert D. Behn, executive director of the Ripon Society, edited its 1968 election analysis, "The Lessons of Victory."

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SCIENCE IN AMERICAN SOCIETY: A Social History

by George H. Daniels

Knopf, 390 pp., $10

Reviewed by David M. Locke

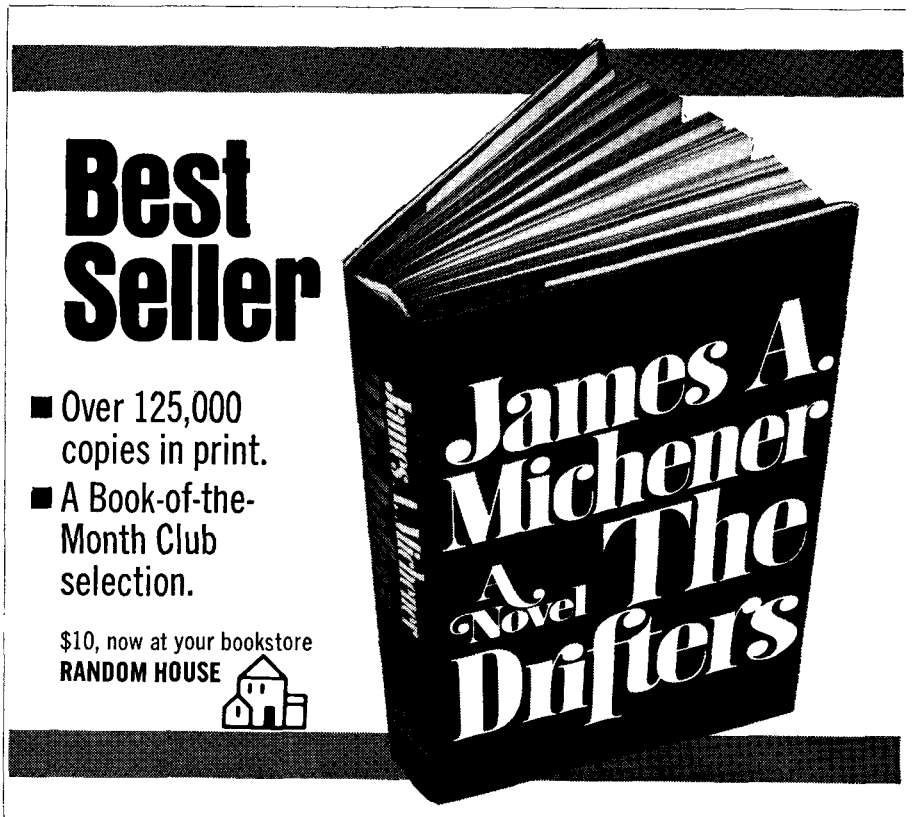
■ As the impact of science and technology on the character of life in the United States steadily increases, signs of serious strain are beginning to appear in the relationship between the scientific community and society at large. Much of the problem stems from the fact that major decisions have to be made by the government and, directly or indirectly, by the public about the uses to which science and technology are put. These decisions are certain to have far-reaching effects on every member of society, but they must be based, at least in part, on scientific information that is incomplete, inconclusive, and incomprehensible to all but a very few. Some of the difficult decisions that have to be made concern improvement of the quality of the environment, limitation of population growth, reduction of nuclear and conventional weapons, more stringent regulation of drugs and food additives, the future directions of the space and atomic energy programs, and federal support for the basic sciences.

Perhaps because of frustration over the intractable nature of such questions, there is in the United States an increasing tendency to oversimplify and sloganize them into pop "confrontations" that have only the grossest resemblance to real life. The latest example of this tendency is the periodic high-noon showdowns between the forces of "ecology" and "pollution." It is as obviously (and as meaninglessly) good to be for one and against the other as it is to be for "law and order" and against "crime in the streets." The real problems, of course, do not involve choices between such black-and-white alternatives; rather, they demand finely honed discriminations—such as where to locate an electricity-generating plant for a city already experiencing brownouts and breakdowns so that the plant will have a minimum impact on the ecology of the surrounding area.

A secondary problem associated with the pop approach to science policy is that it not only obscures the real issues but—intentionally or not—it always seems to put a black hat on the scientist regardless of his true role in the matter. For example, ecology is as much a true science as pollution is a by-product of technology; yet science and technology together are routinely pictured as villains in the customary pollution scenario.

Science clearly has an impact on society, and society just as strongly has an impact on science. Part of that impact is economic. Beginning under Lyndon Johnson and continuing with Richard Nixon, the executive branch of the government has begun to try to slow down the exponential growth of government support of science, and it has also begun to try to find out what it is getting for its money. The outcry from the scientific community has been horrendous. So much so that a bewildered public has begun to wonder if, after all, the scientists haven't been riding the gravy train long enough, and isn't it about time that somebody caught up with them.

In recent years organized science in the United States has learned to finance its endeavors by getting ever larger sums of money from the government with the promise, real or implied, that in return it would solve the problems of the country. The successful Manhattan Project of World War II (and more recently the successful landing of a man on the moon) made it seem quite likely that science could live up to its bargain. But at the same time, as the major problems of the country (and the world) have continued unabated, the impression has arisen that science can accomplish anything that it sets its mind to—as long as it isn't any-



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thing that anybody really wants done.

In spite of everything that has happened in recent years to trouble the relationship between science and society, just about everyone agrees we have to have science. The questions are: how much science and what kind? For a long time in America the scientists in the universities and in private industry answered these questions because they provided whatever science there was. Then the government—for better or worse—took over a good share of the support of science, and now, naturally enough, it wants to help set some of the direction in which that science moves. This means, inevitably, that the public is getting into the science act, and nobody is very happy at this prospect.

One might suppose that *Science in American Society*, by George Daniels, a professor of the history of science at Northwestern University, would shed a little light on the tortured relations between science and society in America today. Unfortunately, it doesn't. The difficulty is that Professor Daniels really isn't sufficiently interested in what's happening in American science today. He begins by describing at considerable length the impact of the discovery of America on medieval European thought—a subject, after all, that hardly seems likely to prove very much about the state of contemporary American science. Professor Daniels does have something worthwhile to say about science in the colonies and in revolutionary America, and he explores several interesting themes through most of the nineteenth century. He even devotes a chapter to the relationship of science to the Progressive movement in the first decades of the twentieth century. But after that he simply brings us up to date with a snappy epilogue of some thirty pages. One can certainly argue that the roots of the present lie in the past, and it's all very well to look for them there. What Professor Daniels finds in the past, however, he doesn't even try to relate to the present.

Shorn of its title, its epilogue, its jazzy jacket, and an introduction in which the author more or less promises to tell the complete story of science in America, this book ought to do well as the text for a course in the history of science in America from colonial times to the First World War. In fact, judged on those terms, it is a perfectly splendid book. It's too bad Professor Daniels and his publisher have packaged it to promise a great deal more.

A former scientist and now a science writer, editor, and teacher, David M. Locke is assistant director of the Science Information Program at the Illinois Institute of Technology.

Editorial

Continued from page 16

country to country. These troops could be efficient enough to enforce international laws—if national armies were disbanded—but not large enough in numbers to become the instrument of a potential world dictator. Their function would be strictly limited through international treaties.

Suppose we took the U.S. President, the Pope, and the Ping-pong players of China and America as pioneers on a path that we should follow. We do not know where the path of peace may take us, and the unknown can be frightening—but it can also be exciting and inviting. We know that war is not only horrifying and costly but extremely boring.

Suppose we declared a Day for Listening. Suppose we decided to make the prophecies of the Pope and the President self-fulfilling.

Amid all the din and destruction of this century, many thousands of people have been laboring to offer us models of what a world free of war might be like. We could hold meetings in all the major cities of the world to take a new look at these models and invite the peace-builders to discuss their plans.

We could ask the news agencies and the broadcasting companies to devote a whole day to reporting the ideas of jurists, artists, statesmen, philosophers, youth leaders, teachers and students, the old and the young, on one

big question: How can we get ready for peace?

We could think in terms of making the United Nations into a world parliament with real legislative powers, an effective chairman, an international bill of rights, and an international court of justice whose rulings would be accepted and enforced.

On a Day for Listening, time should be allotted for the presentation and discussion of a world constitution. A preliminary draft was prepared some years ago by a group of scholars headed by Robert M. Hutchins, then chancellor of the University of Chicago and now chairman of the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions. It has been published in a booklet by the center, with an introduction by Elisabeth Mann Borgese.

The preamble of this constitution proclaims that the people of the Earth have agreed that "the advancement of man in spiritual excellence and physical welfare is the common goal of mankind." It asserts that "peace and justice stand or fall together" and "iniquity and war inseparably spring from the competitive anarchy of national states." It calls for the formation of a Federal Republic of the World.

This constitution was, of course, attacked from many quarters when it was first offered in the 1940s and when it was again offered by the center six years ago. Some critics found it foolishly utopian and beyond any possibility of achievement. Others found it blasphemous and downright sinful to contend that guilty and murderous man could ever establish unity and permanent peace on Earth.

Replying to the early attackers, Thomas Mann challenged all: "Is it sure that these men have the right idea of sin? Sin, in my opinion, is to live against the spirit and against truth: to live as if we did not live the present hour but an hour passed long since. Sin is to cling with stupid tenacity to what has been surpassed by time, to what is inadequate, clearly repudiated: Sin is to turn a deaf ear to the will of God."

Let us be sure that we do not turn a deaf ear in our time to the call of the spirit.

Does anyone doubt that war has been repudiated by most of the people on this planet?

Can anyone deny the cries for peace and justice that rise from people, young and old, in all countries?

Must we "cling with stupid tenacity" to what has been "surpassed by time"?

Mann further said: "The abyss that is gaping between that which still dares to call itself reality and, on the other side, the truth—that is, the goals reached long since by the spirit—this abyss is simply a religious scandal: a blasphemy screaming for deluge, fire, and brimstone. . . ."

The "deluge, fire, and brimstone" do not have to come.

If we open ourselves to the possibilities of peace, the future will be shaped by the spirit in love and truth.

—FRANK K. KELLY.

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1Jd (*Look Homeward, Angel*), 2Ia (*Great Gatsby*), 3Ee (*Main Street*), 4Hk (*Our Town*), 5Fb (*Absalom, Absalom*), 6Ag (*Outcasts of Poker Flat*), 7Bf, 8Gj (*Tom Sawyer*), 9Dh (*Ethan Frome*), 10 Cc (*Robinson poems*), 11 Kl, 12 Li (*Bride Comes to Yellow Sky*).

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SR Goes to the Movies

Arthur Knight

The Technics And Techniques of Film

THE CINEMATIC MUSE, I am often reminded, is the handmaid of technology, and rarely has this intimate relationship been more disastrously apparent than in *McCabe and Mrs. Miller*. When I discussed the film in these columns two weeks ago, I mentioned, among other faults, its inaudibility. Subsequently, I learned that this was not due, as I had assumed, to any calculated effrontery on the part of its director, Robert Altman (although many of the lines *were* handled as throwaways), but to the print that I—and many critics—had seen, one that had been rushed from a Canadian laboratory in order to meet the preview screenings and Warner's releasing schedule. Even though the lab had bungled the job of transferring the sound from magnetic tape to optical track, that schedule had to be kept.

Influenced in part by Pauline Kael's glowing account of the film in a recent *New Yorker* and in part by my own curiosity to see to what extent one's reaction to a picture can be colored by the sound track, I recently saw *McCabe and Mrs. Miller* again in a corrected release print struck off by Technicolor. And it was like seeing a different movie! Relationships that had formerly been obscure now took on meaning. Warren Beatty's half-truculent, half-aggrieved under-the-breath mutterings were both amusing and touching when contrasted to, rather than merged with, the strangled, semi-articulate patterns of his normal speech as McCabe. Above all, the real intent of the film emerged clearly the second time around. Whereas most of the action centers upon McCabe's bustling frontier bordello, the whole point is that meanwhile a church is quietly being built in the town; when it catches fire during McCabe's fatal shoot-out with a trio of gunmen trying to muscle in on his territory, the townspeople rally to put out the blaze, leaving McCabe—in a final irony—to die alone in the snow. Half-heard, the film seemed callous, blasphemous, and ultimately boring; with a proper sound track to illuminate Vilmos Zsigmond's rich, moody photography, it is funny, sad, touching, and curiously moral as well.

Very rarely does the technical side of moviemaking get out of control. If nothing else, Hollywood is justly famous for its skilled technicians—and it was Hollywood's technicians who were able to put *McCabe and Mrs. Miller* back together swiftly after the first two disastrous prints had come in from Canada. But technical skill, in and of itself, can neither make nor save a movie, a proposition that young Peter Fonda might profitably have pondered before embarking on the direction of *The Hired Hand*, in which he also stars. It is a mere wisp of a story—barely more than an idea, really—about a footloose adventurer (Fonda) who, after seven years of wandering, impulsively returns to his wife, his child, and her farm, bringing in tow his saddle buddy (Warren Oates). The wife, fearful of losing him again, agrees to let them remain as hired hands. Gradually, Fonda edges his way back into her good graces and her bed; but when he learns that his friend's life is in jeopardy, despite his wife's pleading, he rides off to the rescue and his death.

Alan Sharp's script is, to put it kindly, leisurely in its pace; the picture is almost a third over before Fonda even thinks about home, and its last ten minutes of stylized gunplay seem to belong to another movie entirely. Presumably to tighten the film, or perhaps merely to give it a visual style, Frank Mazzola's editing consists of long, lingering lap-dissolves, solarized superimpositions, and optically printed slow-motion fragments that have the jerky effect of an old-fashioned kinescope. These devices, linked with Vilmos Zsigmond's lush, elegantly photographed landscapes and skyscapes, are undeniably handsome and arresting—for at least a reel. Then comes the desire to get on with it, to see something more than interminable walks and rides, no matter how lovely. The technique, in short, becomes intrusive.

By contrast, no matter what you may think of his films, Russ Meyer is probably the soundest craftsman in Hollywood today, as his version of Irving Wallace's anti-censorship diatribe, *The Seven Minutes*, clearly demonstrates. The picture, despite its numerous plot complications, literally races through the projector in a hail of brief shots that keeps the viewer ever visually on the alert. The editing, which Meyer personally supervises, cuts each of these shots to the bone—a single line, a single word, a single look or gesture. No subtle director of actors, Meyer's strengths are his gusto and his guts. And he knows how to make his movies *move*. His *Seven Minutes* is no more a work of art than Wallace's, but it's a lot more fun.

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Music to My Ears

Irving Kolodin

The Mix That Goes Into Australia's Melting Pot

FOR THIS recent itinerant, the first touch of home on the return half of some 20,000 flying miles came not with the sight of the *Arizona* Memorial at Pearl Harbor, the Golden Gate Bridge, or the Grand Canyon. It came on the runway of Sydney's International Airport, some 5,000 miles south of the Fiftieth State. It was good to see a counterpart of the American Airliner that had performed its function so well on the southward flight; it was even better to step within it and be greeted by those friendly faces and well-disciplined American minds, not only willing and able but ready and eager to extend themselves on behalf of the people in their charge.

This was, in a special way, an ideal bridge, modulation, or transition from the impromptus, the rhapsodies, and the *moments musicaux* that had filled the prior weeks. Long as the homeward air journey was, and with a day's repose on the island of Oahu to break it, there was hardly enough time to sort, file, and arrange the impressions that clamored for attention. In the end, the conclusion came clear that, as with the American Airliner and its crew, what gave character to the content of such large cities as Sydney and Melbourne, not to mention beautiful Canberra, lovely Adelaide, windswept Hobart, and peaceful Brisbane, was the breed of people one encountered.

The aggregate of the conditioning to which they have been exposed is perfectly capsulized in the opening words of that magnificent book *The Australians*, produced and photographed by Robert B. Goodman, with text by George Johnson (Rigby Limited, Adelaide). They are: "It was never really intended as a place for people." What this means, simply, is that those who came, in whatever circumstances, to this originally barren, arid, and uninviting continent were tested, tried, and, indeed, challenged to make a life for themselves and their descendants.

Without presuming to probe to the essence in a four weeks' visit, one can recall the telling phrase, the appropriate word, the incisive statement that suggested the existence of such an essence. Having noted, in general, a scene freer from billboards and roadway signs than one is accustomed to bear with in America, I inquired of a Governmental Tourism representative I visited with in Hobart, Tasmania, "How do you control billboard displays in Tasmania?" "We don't control them," he responded crisply. "We forbid them." This same Leo Butler, previously a journalist in Sydney, discussed such musical esoterica as the works of Charles Ives, partially because he has a daughter who was a music major at the University of Sydney, but basically because he was curious about the American influences that had made Ives what he was.

Thanks to a productive pattern instituted in Adelaide, my first point of extended stay (six days), I was fortunate enough to meet with, at lunch, brunch, or some other crunch time, representatives of the arts in most of the communities I visited. In Adelaide, where it was dinner, those present included Louis Van Eyssen, the South African-born, well-informed director of the biennial Adelaide Festival; Elaine Fifield, Sydney-born ballet star of the Sadler's Wells and Royal ballets, now returned to her native land and the upcoming Australian Ballet; directors of the art gallery, the Conservatorium, and the theater, who have their counterparts in most of the other states. But there is no possible counterpart for Adelaide's Derek Jolly, the tall, broad-shouldered scion of the Penfolds Wines interests, who, being undisposed to enter the family business, had instead applied his resources to providing Adelaide with a first-class restaurant—the scene of the dinner—with an adjoining gourmet shop and a liquor dispensary on the order of Justerini and Brooks of London or the Sherry Wines and Liquors in New York. In Adelaide! For those who care.

In Melbourne, the participants in a similar session included Ruth Alexander, a native of Detroit, Michigan, who, through time and tide and the flow of family involvement, came to be a Melburnian. Of active mind and musical interest, she has devoted herself to promoting an annual enterprise where young instrumentalists participate in an orchestral "camp" during their summer vacations. Does this sound something like the late Joseph E. Maddy's famous summer institution at Interlaken? Well, Interlaken and Detroit are much closer to each other in Michigan than Interlaken and Melbourne, but with Ruth Alexander as a link the experience of one locality has been extended to the advantage of another.

In Canberra, the interchange brought together Myron Baskin, one of those valuable if little-celebrated U. S. State Department emissaries known as Cultural Attachés, and such persons as Ernest Llewellyn, long-time "leader" (concertmaster) of the Sydney Symphony under Eugene Goossens and others, Juilliard-oriented, and now himself head of a music school that aspires to higher professional standards than have previously obtained in Australia; the energetic, sharp-minded Paul McKeown, head of Australia's Arts Council and headmaster of the Canberra Boys Grammar School; and composer Terry Vaughan.

In Brisbane, it ranged from born and bred Queenslanders to an English actress who had "come out" to Australia to do a show, married a native, and is devoting her energies to husbanding local theatrical impulses. In Sydney, a comparable encounter provided insights into the broad vision and wide-ranging plans of Dr. H. C. Coombs, now head of Australia's federally funded Council of the Arts, and his energetic associate Dr. Jean Battersby.

There the participants included Dr. Katherine Ellis of Adelaide reporting on her personal project for preserving the musical language of the aborigines (they have no written notation); Sir Bernard Heinze, Australia's senior man of music; John Hopkins, a musical representative of ABC; etc. When I expressed to Heinze my admiration for the Youth Concerts I had attended in the major cities of the eastern seaboard (also in Adelaide and Canberra), he responded: "As you know, I started them in the Thirties. But you can take the word back to America that if it were not for my meeting with your Walter Damrosch in the Twenties and observing what he did with such programs, they might never have come about."

"Your" Walter Damrosch was in fact born in Breslau, Germany, before becoming an ingredient in America's melting pot.

In addition to its academicians, artists, and other cultural leaders, Australia's mix takes in not merely those of English, Welsh, German, and American derivations but, under recently expanded immigration quotas, a Yugoslav who cut my hair in Adelaide; Greek, Polish, and Dutch taxi drivers; Italians who are chambermaids (and wives of Italians who are employed at other things), Czechs, Dalmatians, French maître d's, etc. In a time when we may sometimes wonder whether our melting pot has consumed not only its contents but the pot itself, there is some suggestion that Australia's will mix better and last longer, to the benefit of everybody who cherishes the idea of a truly civilized English-speaking community.

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The Theater

Henry Hewes

Sin Is In

CHICAGO.

ALTHOUGH the Art Institute of Chicago's Goodman Theatre has flourished for many years as a source of interesting semi-professional theater that brought outstanding guest professionals to act with students and graduate students from the Goodman School of Drama, it was not until two years ago that, under the energetic, patient, and enterprising leadership of John Reich, the Goodman undertook to become a fully professional resident company. One measure of its success is that in a time when most American resident companies are suffering a drop in subscriptions the Goodman's second professional season saw the subscriber list rise to 18,000. And a second professional unit tours Illinois, Indiana, and Wisconsin, giving more than 200 performances of children's theater.

The two most successful of this season's six productions were Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee's *The Night Thoreau Spent in Jail,* with Christopher Walken, who the season before won a Drama Desk Award for his performance in the New York production of *Lemon Sky,* in the title role; and a musical called *Lady Audley's Secret,* whose engagement was extended from the customary thirty-four performances to fifty-four. Furthermore, in the fall the production will go to New York, while the Goodman will return the compliment by bringing the marvelous New York production of *A Place Without Doors* [see *SR,* Jan. 9] to its subscribers before commencing its resident company season.

Lady Audley's Secret is a tender and charming delight. Adapted by Goodman director Douglas Seale from Mary Elizabeth Braddon's 1860 novel and augmented with appropriately old-fashioned songs by George Goehring and John Kuntz, it presents a melodramatic romantic tale in such a way that we chuckle at its implausible clichés but are nevertheless touched by the predicament of a desperate woman who has married above her class and is driven to dastardly deeds in order to protect her prosperity.

The plot is full of ridiculous Victorian tenets. A servant girl detests the working-class bully-boy her mother wishes her to marry but acquiesces, because, as she tells us in song, "Only a wicked, foolish girl could ignore her Mum's advice." Equally foolish is the townspeople's serenading their squire, Sir Michael Audley, with "Here's to the landlord. Here's to the rent. Here's to the honor of an English country gent."

Against this background of class distinction we see the romantic happiness the young Lady Audley has brought the doddering old Sir Michael. In a tender duet, they proclaim the superior pleasure of a December-May marriage, stating, "Tho his fire burned low, he warmed her through and through."

But this idyllic consummation is soon interrupted by the arrival from India of Lady Audley's husband, whom she has deceived into believing that she is dead. While in India as a soldier, he saved the life of an officer, Captain Robert Audley, Sir Michael's nephew. In gratitude, Robert has brought him to the family estate for a weekend. When discovery threatens, Lady Audley reacts by pushing her first husband down the well and rejoices about her resultant freedom in an uproarious coloratura cadenza.

The cast is splendid, with Donna Curtis singing and acting the title role most expertly. Russell Nype is extremely funny as the true-blue Robert, and Leonardo Cimino is amusingly decrepit yet resolute as Sir Michael.

All in all, this is a show that succeeds because of the gentleness of its charm and humor. Since Douglas Seale is one of the Goodman's permanent directors, he has confidently mounted his own work with consistent restraint. That is the real secret of *Lady Audley.*

STRATFORD, CONN.

MELODRAMA is also very popular at the American Shakespeare Festival this summer. To everyone's surprise, the greatest box-office response here has been not to its Shakespearean goodies *The Merry Wives of Windsor* and *The Tempest* but rather to the late Eugene O'Neill's *Mourning Becomes Electra,* a lengthy work so formidable that there has been no professional revival of it since 1932. Originally, the play was conceived as a tragedy, in which O'Neill took Aeschylus's *Oresteia* and imposed its shape on a more modern story. The Greek house of Atreus became the New England Mannon family. And instead of Agamemnon's having returned from the Trojan War to his wife Clytemnestra and his children, Electra and Orestes, General Ezra Mannon came back from the Civil War to rejoin his wife, Christine, and his grown-up daughter and son, Lavinia and Orin.

The original production was praised as a worthy attempt to write a modern tragedy. But director Michael Kahn's production holds its audience's attention less by conjuring up the inexorable doom of tragedy than it does through revealing the juicy details of an intra-family struggle for dominance. To begin with, the need for economy at Stratford has prevented designer William Ritman from creating settings that menace the action. Instead, a workable abstraction is made to serve, and it has the effect of making each scene a separate episode in which the conflicting motives of the characters are demonstrated. Thus, when Ezra enters, he seems to come not from the battlefield but just from his dressing room.

At first, one is disappointed by this approach. But gradually even the ludicrous moments, such as when Christine, having just murdered her husband, announces, "I feel faint" (plop), seem an acceptable part of the action. We are being shown what happened to some folks not too different from us, rather than experiencing the mysterious forces that drive extraordinary figures to their destiny. As a result, we focus on the play's strongest and most malicious characters, Lavinia and Christine.

The roles are played by two superb actresses. As Lavinia, Jane Alexander emanates a very feminine duplicity and is most effective in the subtler moments when we see her quietly contemplating an action or walking with a slightly saucy gait as she enjoys a temporary triumph. And she can suddenly find a new dimension in the play by the way she delivers such a line as "I hope there's a hell for the good somewhere." Indeed, she seems more the victim of her own strength of mind than she does of her emotional vulnerability. On the other hand, Sada Thompson's Christine is best in the moments when she is forced to fight back or when she can express despair, as she so beautifully does after her lover has been murdered and her daughter reminds her that she will be allowed to live. Miss Thompson's anguished reply "Live!" catches the whole sadness of the prospect of trying to live without the one thing that gave her life meaning and beauty.

This production succeeds by virtue of its finest moments and by the public's apparent appetite for melodramatic action. The O'Neill of 1931 might have deplored success at this level, but it may be the only way this intrinsically artificial work can now have a stage life.

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Booked for Travel

Horace Sutton

In the Land of the Voluptuaries

THE RUE DE FRANCE is a narrow little ribbon of a street that runs in back of the Promenade des Anglais one block from the sea in Nice, a city that the *National Geographic* and, for all I know, lots of other people like to call the Capital of the Riviera. In the good season, a back street along the Riviera is a strip of sunlit bustle, and the other Saturday afternoon when I chanced to stroll along it, trying to shake off the jet lag that had descended like a Nantucket fog to paralyze my soul—I had flown the Atlantic on an Air France bird the night before—the Rue de France was in high motion. The city had roused from its afternoon siesta and, with the warmth of the season, was having its usual difficulties sorting out its schizophrenia, trying to decide whether it was a city at work or a resort whose mission in life was to tend to the needs of those at play.

Beach balls hung in net bags in front of the shops and white plastic bottles of Ambre Solaire were lined up like a plastic corps of *balayeurs*. The confectioners' shops were filled with *confits*, the candied fruits that are the Côte d'Azur's specialty—slices of candied oranges, limes, lemons, and, more ambitiously, whole pineapples complete with fake fronds. Housewives were busy collecting the weekend's temptations—slices of pâté, rolled herring, and such Niçoise inventions as *pissaladière*, a sort of pizza caked with onions, anchovy fillets, and black olives, and *ratatouille*, tomatoes, eggplant, zucchini, and peppers stewed in oil. Cavaillon melons, no larger than a runty grapefruit, down from the Rhône valley, Cranshaws imported from Jaffa, and baskets of *fraises des bois* filled the bins in front of the fruiterers.

Stuck on a fence amid it all was a poster for a Gershwin concert—the *Cuban Overture*, *Rhapsody in Blue*, Concerto in F, and *An American in Paris*, all to be played beginning at a teatime Saturday serenade to another epoch. Yesterday's American music played in yesterday's place.

There is something that is achingly American and hauntingly yesterday about the Riviera. It is hopelessly tangled with the gossamer threads of *Tender Is the Night* and Gerald and Sara Murphy and the Fitzgeralds, the Hemingways, the Cole Porters and Archibald MacLeish and Benchley and Woollcott and the Philip Barrys. Few have evoked that time better than Calvin Tomkins in his new book, *Living Well Is the Best Revenge*, which includes a tugging album of old photographs, many of them taken along the beach at La Garoupe and at the Murphys' Villa America in Antibes.

"Even though it happened in France," said Murphy in a quote recorded by Tomkins, "it was all, somehow, an American experience." I confess that great waves of *Weltschmerz* were washing over me the other day as I foraged among the forgotten footfalls in the vast park of the Hotel du Cap at Antibes. Down at Eden Roc, the sun was shining out of St.-Tropez across the sea, and long-haired demoiselles in bikinis and enormous shades were sitting at the yellow tables picking at the sweetmeats they had selected from the enormous buffet tables. The lunch was superb, and later a swim in the pool at Eden Roc, heated now, rinsed all the fuzz of the champagne and the *blanc de blanc* out to sea. The Sellas, father and son, are both gone, and the new owners—André Sella had wanted $1-million for it—are Germans. The three corner suites cost $160 a day now, but each has two bedrooms and two baths and a large terrace. There is a new wing, unobtrusively added—a few marble halls here, a few marble baths there—with seven new rooms at $50 a day and, at half that price, some new quarters in the atelier with views sweeping off to the Iles de Lérins and over the palms to the Esterel.

Here the Murphys, in the time of Sella *père*, had stayed until their villa was ready, often gamboling on the beach with Picasso and his first wife, Olga, who had been a dancer with the Diaghilev troupe of Monte Carlo, with Léger, and even Rudolph Valentino. Antibes was sleepy and provincial. The telephone service was suspended for two hours at lunch and stopped for the night at seven o'clock. The Murphys loved to roam the hill towns searching for little inns that would please their friends and to roll over to the new casino at Juan-les-Pins. Murphy's own paintings—he did ten between 1922 and 1930—look strikingly like today, or at least like the pop artists who bloomed in the Sixties. Reproduced in Tomkins's book, they have been called an American response to Léger, Picasso, and others of the School of Paris modernists.

The Riviera has become a long, rolling, seagirt memorial to those artists of Murphy's time and to others of earlier and later times. Léger is enshrined with his own museum at Biot. Picasso is alive at Aix, and his works are on display in profusion at Antibes and in the hills at Vallauris, where he dabbled in pottery and sculpture. And all the modernists have found a magnificent pantheon in the Fondation Maeght, the striking museum that has been planted in the hills above the storybook town of St.-Paul-de-Vence.

The Maeght has that same force and style as the Museum of Anthropology in Mexico. Calder stabiles sit imperturbable, perhaps even immovable, on the carpet of grass shaded by the umbrella pines. Braque's mosaic fish swim across a floor, Giacometti's skinny figures promenade a tile-covered courtyard, Miró's strange shapes loom amid rough stone walls, and the architecture of José Luis Sert, though never obtrusive, is everywhere, washing the mind with a bit of garden and grass between the Chagalls and the Kandinskys the way *un trou normand* cleanses the palate between courses. Sert will set the adrenals flowing by injecting the suddenness of an electric blue ceiling that pops out of nowhere, and he will soothe the psyche by letting in the light in artful and enterprising ways. Here hangs Chagall's own retrospective, from his birth in Russia to his floating lovers wafting over the *toits de Paris*, and here, too, just now being set in place, is a new Matisse tile from his last and most joyful period. For *l'envoi* there is the tiny chapel with Braque's stained-glass peace dove flying across a violet world, the sunlight casting a mauve shade on a twelfth-century primitive Spanish Christ hanging against a stark white wall.

Nearly as brilliant a collection, by some of the same authors, is on view at La Colombe d'Or, a delectable inn where a Calder mobile hangs over a table and a Léger tile decorates the tanbark terrace. The Hollywood Upmann puffers have discovered the pool, but it remains, despite the long-distance calls that come through from Coldwater Canyon, one of the most sybaritic dunking tubs in Europe, with blue spruces and cypresses standing sentry duty, a Calder mobile making lazy doodles in the sun alongside the fig trees and magnolias, and a Braque mosaic nesting contentedly under the roses.

One could, in the tradition of the Murphys, climb the hills above St.-Paul to discover Le Château du Domaine St. Martin, an enclave of super luxe tucked amid century-old olive groves 1,700 feet above the sea. With its arched glass windows framed with a blanket of ivy, its tapestry-covered reception desk, its antiques and flowers and views, it fairly steams with elegance. Fifty guests, tended by a si-

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lent staff, may engage balcony-hung rooms in the tower ($20-$36), or suites (at $60 a day) with corner terraces big enough for a *thé dansant*. The dining room is a glass-enclosed terrace suspended over the valley, and the *loup de mer en papillote* that arrived at table with a feathery *mousseline* sauce, the centerpiece of the luncheon the day I was in attendance there, was the best meal (I confess to having been unable to breach the fastness of the three-star L'Oasis at La Napoule) I had in eight caloric days on the Côte d'Azur. A clay court and a pool are on hand to help work off the cream and butter.

Le Cagnard, in quite another milieu, is an inn pieced into the hilltop reaches of Haut-de-Cagnes, the loftier section of a two-part village whose other quarter is nestled alongside the sea. It is hard to tell the defined borders between Le Cagnard and the rest of the community of Haut-de-Cagnes. Like the village, the inn, with which I should like to deal first, is set on many levels, and fortunately there is a small but speedy elevator to convey one between the floors. The dining room, as one surveys it from a balcony, is not unlike a baronial hall, although it is decorated with dozens of roses and there is nary a baron in evidence. An enormous basket of apricots and of almonds still in their green hulls awaits the pleasure of the customers, and, at a lone table for two in the corner, pink and red roses explode out of a pewter mug, a candle waits to add its romantic flickerings to the eventide, and the arched windows swing open to tile-topped roofs and over them to the pines beyond. A pussycat is asleep in the pads of a chair.

It would be rapture enough just to sit there and inhale the setting, but the main piece is of course not the scenery but a *rouget* done with anchovy butter, or a *daurade*, or a baked chicken stuffed with foie gras, ham, and chicken, followed by a *tarte Cagnard*, or perhaps a *mousseline de glace aux charmeuses des bois*, which is to say, rather poetically, a fluffy parfait perfumed with wild strawberries.

The rooms, comfortable and compact, are less grand luxe than those enormous halls up at Le Domaine, but then they extract less from the exchequer, too—about $15 per person. There is neither court nor pool, but there is the village, and a charming one it is, steeped in the memories of the Grimaldis, who turned its feudal castle into a handsome villa. Surrounded now with the long cones of cypresses and flapping with forty flags, the castle exists as a relic of the Middle Ages looking off to the sea on one side and the mountains on the other. It gives shelter to a small museum that occupies itself with olives, which you can mess with or not. More dramatically, the gallery and stairwells are used as a backdrop for live theater, and the large salons are occasionally employed as exhibition halls for paintings.

—From "Living Well Is the Best Revenge," The Viking Press

The Murphys entertain at La Garoupe; among the costumed guests, Picasso, seated, in the black fedora, and his first wife, Olga, in the tutu.

Some heartless hound has fouled the view with a cement factory that might easily have been placed elsewhere, but if one can turn from that, there are the charming little cactus gardens that the villagers hang on the sun-washed walls, the fields of yellow *genêts*, the enormous old olive jars growing with oleander, the little Place de la Maison Commune, where one can buy a *courgette* or an artichoke from the Epicerie du Bourg, and the old mulberry tree around which engaged couples still dance to celebrate the birth of a new love and a new season.

Just over the ravine at Les Collettes Renoir spent the last twenty years of his life. He died there in 1919 among the old gnarled, wizened, bent olive trees that he loved so well and painted so often. The place is open afternoons except on Tuesdays and from October 15 to November 15. But at other times one can contemplate the bust of Mme. Renoir at the entranceway, Renoir's Venus in the garden, and his studio, easel, and brushes. One would do well to saunter along the lavender-bordered paths in company with Jean Clergue, the *conservateur* of Haut-de-Cagnes, should he prove amenable to such an arrangement and, at the same time, to avoid the brassy intrusion of a private villa of invading Belgians that has risen alongside the Renoir preserve.

One afternoon after lunch—it might have been more sensible though scarcely more rewarding to have fallen asleep under an olive tree—I stopped off in Vence and slipped, for what seemed like the shortest of interludes, into the Chapel of the Rosary, which Matisse did for the Dominican nuns of Monteils. The Riviera afternoon was hot, but within the portals one could instantly feel the chill of the chapel, the shock of the deep blues, the canary yellows, and the emerald green, the magnificent flowing symmetry of the windows building inside one's head like the fortissimo of a symphony, relieved only when one's eye slipped away to the pure white of the walls on which Matisse drew with simple black line. The side windows flow alternately with blue and green and yellow panes above the pews, and the stations of the cross seem like black doodles on endless whiteness. "The stations of the cross are not a procession," Matisse had explained to the mother superior of Vence. "This work is the deepest drama of mankind. Faced with this drama, the artist cannot remain a spectator. He is obliged to take part in it."

To let that tiny room wash over you is to find a purification from all ills, trials, pressures, constraints, frustrations, and contentions; worth all the other afternoons, all the flying hours. "Making one's own life into a work of art" is perhaps what the Murphys were all about, Tomkins had written in his book. And they had found the Riviera, as had so many artists, because it lent itself, lends itself still, with such grace to that pursuit. With that thought we turned the car along the hill road toward Tourrettes-sur-Loup, the "*cité des violettes*," to contemplate a fifteenth-century church in a field of lavender hue. A lot of the afternoon was still left, and I was not about to waste it.

(This is the first of two articles.)

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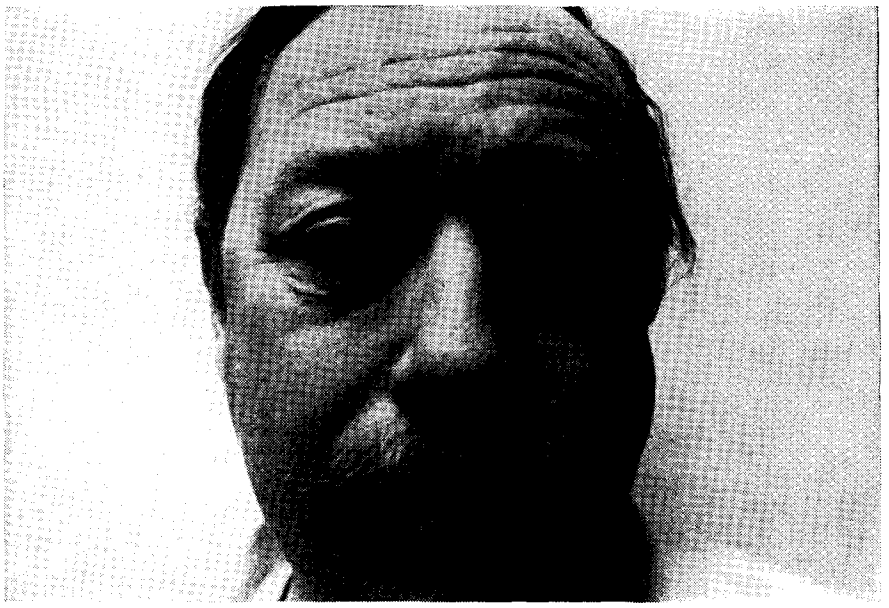

Duane Michals: "Tennessee Williams," 1965

Photography

Margaret R. Weiss

A Collector's Item

TO DATE, 1971 has been a year with more than its fair share of inter-media surprises. One that may not have made the headlines but that should add significantly to photography's status among collectors was an item on the agenda of the Print Council of America's annual board of directors meeting: "Photographic Master Prints for Collectors," a slide presentation by Grace M. Mayer, Print Council treasurer and curator of the Museum of Modern Art's Edward J. Steichen Archive.

Illustrating her talk with sixty representative examples from the museum's collection, Miss Mayer spanned the 125 years of camera art from David Octavius Hill to Bruce Davidson, spotlighted the growing list of institutional and private collections across the country, and in all presented a persuasive case for the acquisition of photographic prints. "Over the years [since 1956]," she reminded her audience in San Francisco, "the directors of the Print Council of America have been polite when I broached the subject of broadening its scope to include photographs, which are indeed prints, but hitherto the suggestion has not so much as made the minutes." With her permission, we have excerpted the following selections from a commentary that not only "made the minutes" but made its point:

"The collecting of original prints is not a new departure, for it has been going on since the advent of the medium. Sometimes it was by way of daguerreotypes and ambrotypes or along family-album lines, sometimes it was in the ubiquitous *carte-de-visite* or in cabinet portraits of celebrities, sometimes in the domain of folk art or in latter-day Kodakery—but all along the way not infrequently for as sophisticated and consciously esthetic reasons as those that brought discerning viewers into Alfred Stieglitz's New York gallery to buy photographs as well as paintings sixty-five years ago. . . .

"The main entities in the acquisition field have been museums throughout the country, and curators (that grasping breed!) have an edge on the private collectors—a miscellaneous, dedicated group drawn from the professions, Wall Street, etc. Some of the great private assemblages of the recent past and present, such as Stieglitz's personal hoard, the Albert Bender Collection, the David H. McAlpin Collection, and the Gernsheim Collection, have found their way into museums and universities; Dorothy Norman's highly selective collection has been earmarked for the Alfred Stieglitz Center she activated in 1968 at the Philadelphia Museum of Art. The Chase Manhattan Bank in New York has included photographs in its collecting scope; the Exchange National Bank of Chicago boasts substantial acquisitions, as does Hallmark, whose Fifth Avenue gallery is the locus for periodic one-man and group photography shows. . . .

"In the auction room, the barometer is rising sharply. Last year at the Parke-Bernet Galleries, for instance, Alexander Gardner's two-volume *Photographic Sketch Book of the War* brought $5,200, exactly four times the amount for which it had been knocked down four years ago. (In the innocent days of 1934, Beaumont Newhall acquired half of the set for the Museum of Modern Art at a bookstore on Harvard Square for the niggardly sum of $15.) The total yield from the 6,000-piece sale was $61,870—almost double the estimated figure. At another Parke-Bernet auction a few months ago, W. H. Jackson's 1873 album *Photographs of the Yellowstone National Park* went for $5,750; Timothy H. O'Sullivan and William Bell's *Photographs showing landscapes, geological and other features of portions of the western territory of the United States* for $6,000. . . . Even items once considered the ephemera of photography command very respectable prices today. . . .

"Certain master prints are either no longer available or are becoming increasingly difficult to acquire. It would thus seem wise to concentrate on works currently on the verge of entering the sacrosanct 'rare master print' category—the best of André Kertész, Imogen Cunningham, Berenice Abbott, Harry Callahan, W. Eugene Smith, *et al.*—while more adventurous investors might also draw upon the work of the newer echelon, including Bruce Davidson, Duane Michals, Diane Arbus, Leslie Krims, George Tice, George Krause, Naomi Savage, Jerry Uelsmann, among others. . . .

"Photography also has its 'forgotten men,' some long overdue for a reappraisal, as well as those undergoing a renaissance, such as Frederick H. Evans, British photographer of the Brotherhood of the Linked Ring, and the Photo-Secessionist Anne W. Brigman. There are workers like Paul Strand whose early recognition has followed them through the years and whose names are forever spelled out in magic; 'discoveries' like Jacques-Henri Lartigue, whose visual and verbal diary is all happy enchantment; men of one picture, such as Arnold Genthe and his famous 'San Francisco Fire,' and men of a thousand and one images, such as Eugène Atget; the esoterics and the mystics—among them, Minor White with his own special magic. And, too, there are those with a particular brand of seeing the familiar in a new configuration—Erich Hartmann, for example, whose eye and lens could turn the stark commercial sculpture of a mannequin factory into the figure of a medieval saint or a crowd 'marching as to War. . . .'

"What is an original print? The answer is: one made by the photogra-

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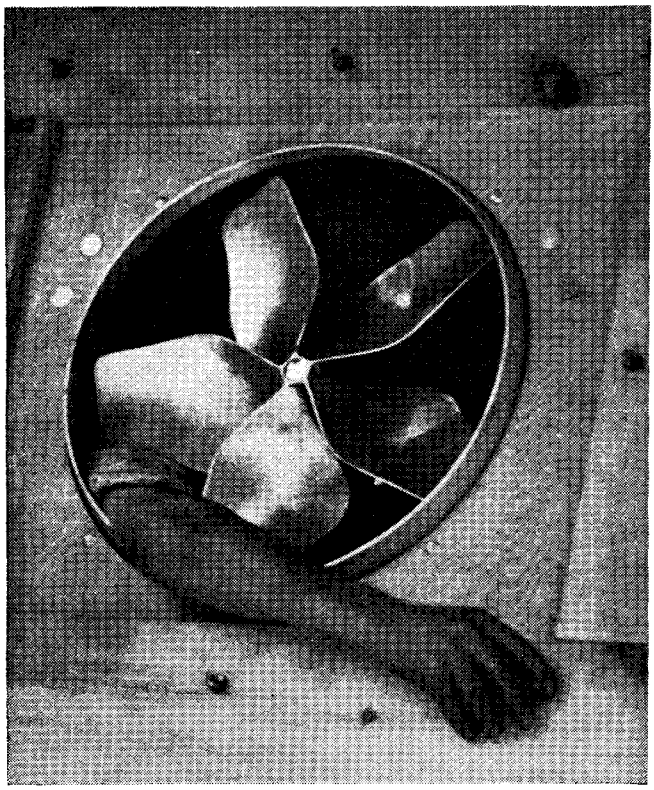

André Kertész: "Arm and Ventilator," 1937

Edward Steichen: "Three Pears and an Apple," c. 1921

pher, either contemporaneous with the exposure or subsequently, and/or one made by another hand with the blessing and approval of the photographer himself. There are those precious few who limit their editions, and the many who believe that editions are numerically without limit since the medium was originally conceived for multiplication. The present-day photographer zealously guards his negatives; in photography it is not the collector—the 'proud possessor'—but the photographer or his heirs who hold exclusive rights to the fruits of the negatives, which can only be made to serve with his or their knowledge and consent. . . .

"Where does photography stand in comparison to other media? C. J. Bulliet, in *Apples and Madonnas,* wrote: 'An apple by Paul Cézanne is of more consequence artistically than the head of a Madonna by Raphael.' Who is to say that Steichen's 'Three Pears and an Apple' is not as valid as one of Cézanne's still lifes? Or that the scenes in Robert Capa's *Death in the Making* and *Images of War* are not as tragic as Goya's *Disasters?* Could not Margaret Bourke-White's 'The Living Dead of Buchenwald' match Picasso's *The Charnel House* (a work itself inspired by photographs)?"

—*Magnum*

Bruce Davidson: "East 100th Street," 1969

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TV-Radio

Robert Lewis Shayon

Collision Course

THEORETICALLY, at least, the big media barons, owners of many TV and radio stations in addition to those who own newspapers as well, are once again vulnerable to competitive challenges at license renewal time. A recent U.S. Court of Appeals decision reversed the Federal Communications Commission's 1970 Policy Statement, which, in effect, had given the media barons virtual property rights in their TV and radio franchises by splitting the required comparative hearing for incumbents and challengers into two stages.

In stage one, a challenger had to prove that the incumbent had substantially failed to meet the needs and interests of his area. Only then could the challenger enter stage two, where he would be permitted to offer evidence on the full range of issues involved in license renewal challenges, including past performance, proposed service, character of programing, and diversification of control. In light of the average performance of most stations and considering the semantic fuzziness of the concept of "substantial service," it would have been almost impossible for a challenger to prove that a big-time owner had failed to render such service.

This left the media barons safe and set up only real baddies in the industry as targets for challengers. The profitable buying, selling, and trading in licenses could thus continue behind the 1970 Policy Statement screen. Now a panel of three appeals judges (two are Nixon appointees), in nullifying the 1970 Policy Statement on renewals, has unanimously ruled that, while a station should be given "a plus of major significance" for superior service, the FCC cannot make a valid public service determination without taking into account the questions of media concentration and diversification of ownership. The court also advised the commission to consider the "elimination of excessive and loud advertising and delivery of quality programs," and the question of "whether and to what extent the incumbent has reinvested the profit on his license to the service of the viewing and listening public." In its decision, the court approved of the FCC's current rule-making proceeding designed to specify precise criteria for measuring superior service. The commission has proposed minimum percentages of prime-time periods for news, public affairs, and local live programs. Quantitative measures, however, can never tell the whole story, and figures must be balanced against a variety of qualitative factors.

A most interesting clash might occur in a collision between diversification and superior performance. Suppose a major network station in New York City is challenged by a biracial group. Certainly such a station, when measured against the performance of an average station, may be said to deliver superior service and thus earn "a major plus." On diversification grounds, however, it would be less desirable than the biracial group.

And suppose the challenger promises restricted advertising, and more children's programs and other public interest attractions than the incumbent. The Appeals Court decision left to the FCC the tough job of balancing the plus and minus signs along the whole complex range of issues. Theoretically, the media-baron station could lose; actually, however, counter-factors cool the heat. The cost to a challenger could be at least $250,000, and legal proceedings could last five years. Who will take a chance at knocking off a really big station at such long odds? Realistically, the Appeals Court decision will have a salutary effect on the public service performance of all stations. Challengers now have a chance. Before the decision, in the court's own phrase, "rigor mortis" had set in, without a single challenge coming forth in the year following the commission's 1970 Policy Statement.

In the years ahead, the makeup of the FCC and the courts will also be factors that may impinge on the real outcome. Commissioner Nicholas Johnson leaves the FCC in 1973, and when he goes, the commission will lose its one sure, staunch public-interest advocate. President Nixon, if he wins re-election, will continue to appoint conservative-minded commissioners to the regulatory agency. The President will also appoint new federal Appeals Court judges; and while Nixon appointees to date have generally been strong for the public interest in broadcasting, one cannot know if and when the tide will turn.

These are the uncertain factors. What we know is that this Appeals Court in the District of Columbia (Judges Wright, MacKinnon, and Wilkey) has forthrightly reminded the FCC that it isn't doing its job and ought to get on with it—restoring competition to broadcasting, opening the doors to minority ownership of stations, breaking up monopolies, and defining and rewarding superior service. The message is loud and clear. It remains to be seen whether the FCC will execute it reluctantly or with enthusiasm.

"You have no idea how tight money is. The best we can do is let you have it at two-and-a-half per cent."

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Brain Business

Continued from page 15

tomorrow—a precise duplicate of the classic argument for capitalism.

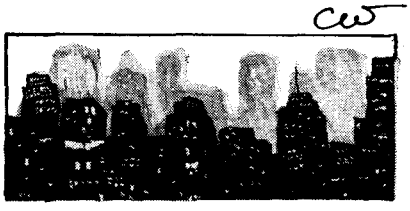
There are growing indications that the romance is, indeed, coming to an end, not only among a number of scientists and intellectuals but for the public at large. The political revolt—local and national—against mounting budgets for research, education, and development obviously reflects the tightened belts of the current recession, but it also points to a more general disenchantment with that version of the future which was so widely promoted a decade ago. Ronald Reagan's attack on the budget of the University of California (which, as much as any institution, had stimulated the academic bull market in the late Fifties) may have been prophetic rather than pigheaded. What Reagan said about the university in 1967 and 1968 was, after all, not so different from what Mario Savio and the Free Speech Movement had been saying about it three years before: Here was a monster that seemed to operate independently of any popular controls (by students or taxpayers) and that appeared more concerned with technical and professorial prestige than with democratic service. The Nobel laureates and the cyclotrons were still there, but just as they had once been symbols of the promised golden age they now were becoming tokens of elitism and irresponsible complicity with corporate and military research—were, in effect, the tools of the devil. (However one may feel about student protest against university administrations, it does suggest that *something* is wrong.) Educational budgets continued to go up, but the problems, instead of being solved, seemed only to get worse, and so the disenchantment of the students slowly began to spread to their parents and to other taxpayers.

The arguments are all too familiar now—too much rat race, too many trivia, too little personal attention, too little student participation—but one thing remains: Going to college became more a matter of survival than the initial step into an exciting tomorrow. One had to go (because there was no other choice, because of the draft, because college was the only mode of education or training that was so lavishly subsidized), but one defended oneself with increasing skepticism about the official version of rationality practiced by the apostles of the higher learning. The choice, all too frequently, was between the *reason* of the builder of economic models, the theoretician of conflict resolution, and the mathematical social scientist (on the one hand) and, on the other, the unreason—if that's what it is—of intuition, personal experience, and vibes. It is absolutely inconceivable that there would have been a counter-culture without the technocratic elitism of the late Fifties and Sixties: This was the response to the futurists and to the future they offered. If that's what lay ahead, the hell with it. One would live in the present or in the past.

It has been said that no one who reached adolescence after Hiroshima ever believed in a future anyway; perhaps—in any case—the futurists tend to be too Strangelovely to allow anyone to forget the Bomb. Yet, for those who went to college in the past decade, there was a double dose: The academy was presumably the place that offered the best, the most positive, and the most sophisticated of everything. If anyone could cope with the pressing social issues—could offer hope and the techniques to go with it—he must be somewhere on campus. But he wasn't. All one could find—excepting only a very few—were people who understood the skills required for accommodation into the system that already existed; the academic version of the future, if you really looked at it, was only an extension of the uglier aspects of the present.

What the kids really discovered on campus were Allan Cartter's statistics and E. J. Mishan's pessimism. The familiar argument that the young feel guilty about their privileges and therefore wish to "serve mankind" to soothe their consciences strikes me as far less revealing than the fact that going to college after 1960 no longer qualified a person for membership in any elite. Of course, there was (until recently) a choice of good jobs and a miscellany of other prerequisites, but people who might have expected to become "leaders" by virtue of the degree or who did expect the academic system to impose a slightly higher order of honesty, social concern, and honor discovered instead that institutional emoluments—grades, credits, degrees—were accessible to any hustler who played the game no matter how calculating or inhumane he really was. The crowd on campus was too big; even if there were jobs, it was inconceivable that there would ever be honor or status. The revolt on campus was, at least in part, a status revolt.

But alienated students—the intellectuals of the year 2000—are no longer



alone; they are not the only people who have serious doubts that there will be a future. There are still regions and sectors of optimism in America, still places and groups where people feel they can control the future—and that there is a future to manage (of which the South, perhaps because it is the least developed region in the nation, may be the most conspicuous example), but it becomes increasingly difficult to find them. Most Americans have, by now, become schooled; they have been persuaded that only expertise can confront the major problems of technology and society, but they have also learned that the brilliant future that expertise was supposed to bring has not materialized. It may well be that popular belief in the possibilities of science and education was exorbitant ten years ago and that it is, therefore, unduly depressed now. But it is not the familiar seesaw between utopia and apocalypse, great society and sick society, that is now most apparent; it is rather a coming to terms with an indefinite present, with a sense that tomorrow will not inevitably be better than today, that the more things seem to change, the more they stay the same. This is the Europeanization of America.

The short of the argument is simple: Americans entrusted the future to experts, lost faith in their investment, and are now beginning to try to put the experts in their place. (The Mayday Tribe, the Redstockings, Nader's Raiders, the Yippies, and Wallace's voters are all descendants of a great amateur self-help tradition.) Perhaps we would never have made the investment in the first place had we trusted our own individual capacities to manage the world; perhaps the experts—had they really applied expertise—might have accomplished something during the optimistic years of the New Frontier and the Great Society. Daniel Patrick Moynihan always attributed the failures of the poverty program to a "latter-day obscurantism" among social scientists whose programs raised "the level of perceived and validated discontent among poor persons with the social system about them, without actually improving the conditions of life of the poor in anything like a comparable degree." The social scientists, said John Gagnon, a sociologist at the State University of New York at Stony Brook, "knew plenty" about alleviating poverty and other specific problems, "but everybody converted their private anxieties into social necessities." But there also seems to be some doubt, if not in Bell's mind, then certainly in the minds of others, that the year 2000—metaphorical or real—is something that can realistically be defined, man-

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aged, or even studied. Somehow the next thirty years seem longer now than the next thirty-five appeared in the mid-Sixties. Perhaps we have learned something about the political and social consequences of "accidents," assassinations, and collective unreason. (The Vietnam War has been the most "scientific" and intellectualized encounter in military history, but it has also been the most inconclusive, the most frustrating, and, ultimately, the most stupid.) Perhaps the important lesson of a decade of intellectual futurism is a heightened appreciation of the principle of uncertainty. Every "advance" and each new development make systems more vulnerable to sabotage and guerrilla attack, and increasingly the onetime symbols of the golden future—the schools, the universities, the computers, the planes, and the laboratories—require protection from armed guards. Perhaps this will also be seen by future historians as a temporary outburst of Luddite revolt; perhaps we will (through the pressure of economic recession, through police action, or through simple exhaustion) bring the rebels into line. Perhaps. But the consequences, as Mishan noted, are not likely to be pleasant.

When the Commission on the Year 2000 had its first meetings in 1965, Fred Charles Iklé, one of the most sober members of the group, presented a paper in which he argued the case for uncertainty. "I wonder," he wrote, "if we are not seeing the world from a rather narrow perspective, somewhat like the medieval scribes who saw their past, present, and future only in terms of religious and ecclesiastical events. While we find it well-nigh impossible to visualize our future without further technological developments, we can nonetheless visualize that the march of science might not turn out to be the cumulative enterprise we had thought." Iklé raised the possibility that most of the predictions of the futurists were only projections of their own personal goals. (The agenda of the commission, he pointed out, was almost identical with the agenda of President Johnson's Great Society program of the previous year.) Was it not possible that by the year 2000 "economic growth will be smaller than we now project on the basis of the trade-off between more goods and more leisure?" And, "by the same token, [will not] people *care* less about economic growth . . .?" When it comes to predicting our goals, he concluded, "We are perpetual 'revisionists,' for we know that we can only follow the light at the prow of the ship."

No one made much of Iklé's argument in the mid-Sixties (although it was clear that some of the futurists recognized it). Now its implications become absolutely crucial. The business of futurology had been unequivocally based on assumptions of prosperity (despite the occasional warnings of international famine, nuclear war, and other holocausts), because futurology itself was created by affluence, by an economic surplus that permitted societies of scholars and corporations the luxury of pondering not merely the problems of the next year or the next product but those of the next century. By now it seems clear that even without the current recession, the optimistic forecasts of economic growth (perhaps even the desire for unchecked economic growth) will have to be qualified, that what ecology cannot do Japanese competition may, and that a certain humility therefore becomes urgently necessary. The message of the counter-culture always included the premise that the future is made in the present—not by planners talking about the year 2000, but by the way people will live tomorrow morning. The quarrel of the counter-culture is directed precisely at Bell's observation that "what has become decisive for society is the new centrality of *theoretical* knowledge, the primacy of theory over empiricism, and the codification of knowledge into abstract systems of symbols that can be translated into many different and varied circumstances. Every society now lives by innovation and growth; and it is theoretical knowledge that has become the matrix of innovation." If theoretical knowledge is central, then, clearly, people who sit in studies are more important than those who plant radishes, run sewage plants, or organize free schools. But what if growth is limited —in the brain business and in the economy generally—and if the problem is not the training of more skilled people (or the creation of utopia factories and other such nonsense) but the misapplication and misdistribution of the talent we already possess? Obviously, there is an uneven distribution of resources between research for war and research for health, housing, and transportation, but even more significantly there are inequities between "theoretical" and applied brainwork. For generations—and particularly in the past twenty-five years—the nation's talent has become increasingly segregated: In nearly every profession status does not go to service but to non-service. In teaching, in medicine, in law, the emoluments are inversely proportional to the number of clients; the highest rewards go to those who work only with their peers and who remain isolated from the general market of men. At the same time, entire regions and populations lack adequate medical and dental services, intelligent local news programs and papers, competent teachers, mental health programs, and (frequently) even the mechanical skills to repair the unnecessarily complicated machines that "theoretical knowledge" designs for immediate obsolescence. Middle America, so called, is a huge region from which talented people flee while the marginally competent stay.

The recession in the brain business, if it lasts long enough, may drive some of that talent back to Main Street, to the inner cities, and to the other regions and activities that need it. (Again the kids of the counter-culture seem to have anticipated something that the futurists neglected.) If knowledge is the new property—as Charles Reich, among others, has described it —then perhaps the principles (if not the law) of antitrust apply to concentrations of talent just as appropriately as they do to concentrations of capital. Yet, even if they do not, there remain fatal limitations in a future where the horizon can be enlarged only at exorbitant expense in resources and personal alienation. The only alternative to that future is an ongoing popular revolution against the claims and elitism of the professors of "theoretical knowledge"—the high priests of futurism themselves. The objectives of such a revolution are to recapture and reinvent the skills and confidence of one's own possibilities and in the conversion of theoretical knowledge into those tools and technology that will not only serve men but allow ordinary men to operate them. The problem is not how *man* will control the planet but how *men* can manage their lives, how to save the future from collectivization.

A century ago, John Stuart Mill suggested that a "stationary state" of capital and population was more desirable than indefinite growth. Such a state, he wrote, "implies no stationary state of human improvement. There would be as much scope as ever for all kinds of mental culture, and moral and social progress; as much room for improving the Art of Living, and much more likelihood of its being improved, when minds ceased to be engrossed by the art of getting on."

Many people in America have become doubtful about the future because they are beginning to feel in their bones what Mill discussed; the future they have been offered for more than a decade promises nothing but more of the same. Under these premises, planning for the year 2000, or even thinking about it, has no charm whatever.

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ENVIRONMENT
and the Quality of Life

GLOBAL POLLUTION—I

The Chinese Influence

Why has the month of May 1972 been fixed as the last propitious moment for President Richard M. Nixon's historic visit to the People's Republic of China? Avoidance of involvement in the next Presidential election campaign has been suggested as the reason, but that isn't too convincing; several state primaries will have occurred before May. So there could be another explanation: The first United Nations Conference on the Human Environment is scheduled for June, in Stockholm, and many statesmen in many lands feel that that meeting would be the most natural gateway for mainland China's return to the family of nations.

The Chinese would almost certainly put the situation in reverse—that the family of nations is returning to China, for the Chinese people are the oldest community of residents of planet Earth. They have existed coherently as a people for almost 4,000 years. They have recorded their history in the same storytelling characters for 3,000 years. The form of bureaucracy that underlies their government, regardless of prevailing ideology, is 2,500 years old. The very name China means "land at the center of all things."

Small cognizance has been given to President Nixon's implicit recognition of these realities. Commentators have skipped over the scrupulous care he took to ask for an opportunity to go to Chairman Mao instead of inviting the head of the Communist Chinese state to come to Washington.

No attention at all has been paid to the significance of China's potential contribution to next year's global conference on the environment, undoubtedly because of the unpopularity of any Red Chinese activity as a subject for open discussion. That is America's loss. For while we have been "conquering" nature with suicidal determination, the Chinese by tradition have always considered man as only one of many living creatures and have held him responsible for continual adjustment to his environment. The massive compendium of erudition that British historian Joseph Needham has quietly published in recent years under the heading *Science and Civilisation in China* (Cambridge University Press) chronicles in exquisite detail the centuries that inhabitants of the Chinese mainland have spent in trying to understand the infinite and to keep themselves and their dwellings and the surrounding countryside and even the graves of their ancestors in harmony with the "cosmic breath." Generations of those practices led ancient Chinese scientists to pioneer use of the Earth's magnetic field in guiding voyages of exploration that very probably carried expeditions of discovery to the Western Hemisphere long ago, though that fact modern researchers are only now beginning to pry from archeological and anthropological relics.

Simple coincidence cannot account for the observation, by scientific scouts dispatched from the White House Council on Environmental Quality, that the sites of the very worst environmental pollution on the planet are those places in the Orient that have adopted Western man's tragic equation of technology with human destiny: Seoul, the capital of South Korea; Taipei, capital of Formosa, the island where remnants of the exiled government of Nationalist China have taken refuge; Jakarta in Indonesia; Bangkok in Thailand; Calcutta in India; Manila in the Philippines—with Chile's Andean capital of Santiago, the mountainous island of Mexico City, and Los Angeles not far behind.

United States Senator Edmund S. Muskie may have divined more than he knew when he proposed publicly last May that Mao's China be invited to participate in the Stockholm delib-

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Official insignia, U.N. Conference on the Human Environment

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erations. He noted that if Communist China is not seated as a U.N. member by the General Assembly next month, it will still be possible to invent an acceptable way of persuading Mao's men to share the decisions at Stockholm. Precedent stands behind Muskie's view. All nations, in and outside the United Nations, have been encouraged to sign certain U.N. treaties, such as the one governing extraterrestrial space. Even if that device is closed, Sweden, as host of the conference, may be privileged to invite Communist China as a special guest.

The question of Peking's attendance does not exist in isolation. It impinges upon the question of whether the Soviet Union will insist, as the price of Russian participation, on the admission of East Germany to the global talks. A preliminary meeting in Prague some weeks ago was downgraded from a conference to a symposium because of Czechoslovakia's special invitation to East Germany, Washington's unwillingness to sit with the East Germans in a formal conference, and Moscow's refusal to attend any gathering from which the East Germans were excluded.

Before President Nixon's laconic announcement of his intention to visit Mao Tse-tung, it was fashionable in Washington to ridicule any notion that the U.N. conference on the global environment in Stockholm might be a sufficiently strong lever to break the long impasse over the two Germanys. A few State Department functionaries, including some with years of service in Berlin and Bonn, did speak cautiously of putting bygones behind us. But they never commanded many adherents. Now, however, because of the President's dramatic gesture toward Peking, no encrustations from the past seem nearly as eternal as they did before.

It is not necessary to be naïve in order to recognize that all the squabbles earthly nations have wasted energy on up to the present time cannot together approximate the threat that will be dealt with in Stockholm.

The appearance of doomsday for the human species has been widely heralded. Is it really at hand? If so, how soon?

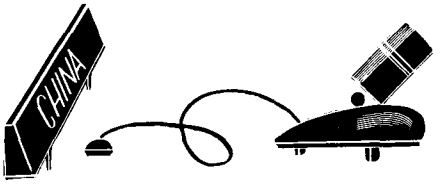
No responsible statesman or diplomat in any of Earth's chancelleries is ready to concede that the end is as imminent as extremists proclaim. There is, however, a consensus that the state of the planet's atmosphere and oceans is sufficiently precarious to warrant declaring that the length and quality of man's future will be determined by events of the 1970 decade.

The Swedes were first to sense the approach of disaster. As a far northern people, they cherish the sun because of the brevity of its summertime stay and are quick to react to shadows that cross the landscape. In 1950, they noted with mild alarm that wild birds were dying in unaccustomed numbers. The deaths were traced to seeds the birds ate—seeds bearing preservative coats of methylmercury compounds. In 1965, dangerous amounts of methylmercury were found in eggs, fish, and other meats common to the Swedish diet. In 1966, the Swedes summoned an international conference on the methylmercury threat, which by that time had caused an epidemic of deaths among Japanese who ate fish caught in Minamata Bay.

Forty lakes in Sweden were soon closed to fishing. The country was in political ferment. In reaction to the agitation at home, delegates sent to U.N. Headquarters in New York by former Prime Minister Tage Erlander's Social Democratic Party talked in the corridors about the necessity for protective action by the United Nations. The early response in the State Department in Washington was negative. Surely there were better ways to spend $2-million than on eight concurrent long-winded discussions on the environment! But when, in the summer of 1968, some of the angry Swedish talk boiled into the text of a resolution presented to ECOSOC, the United Nations' specialized body charged with disposition of economic and social matters, Washington changed its mind and supported a $1-million expenditure for two weeks of debate at Stockholm. There followed a favorable U.N. General Assembly vote, and (after President Nixon formally endorsed the concept in a 1969 U.N. speech) in March 1970 the first meeting of a twenty-seven-nation preparatory committee convened. U Thant chose Maurice Strong, an energetic Canadian, to serve as secretary general of the conference, and Strong assumed his duties at the beginning of the year 1971.

Any doubt of enthusiastic American support for Strong's work disappeared with the appointment in February 1970 of Christian Herter, Jr., as Special Assistant to the Secretary of State for Environmental Affairs. Herter and his staff in turn have the firm backing of the White House for the following propositions:

The Stockholm conference will have tremendous value even if nothing tangible comes from its sessions. To prepare for it entails not only public education but a considerable amount of governmental deliberation. Decision-making is necessarily involved in the preparation of the national reports that each of the 130 participants in the conference will present.



The United States will use its utmost influence to bring about a limited number of agreements at Stockholm—foremost of these being a convention to ban unlicensed dumping of anything in the ocean. A first draft of this document has already been written by Washington wordsmiths and agreed to in principle by representatives of Canada, Japan, Mexico, Norway, Sweden, and the United Kingdom. The draft calls for a national permit system in which each nation would exercise control over its territorial waters. Particular effluents would be prohibited altogether; others would be subject to individual limitations. The total record of the restrictions would constitute a registry of all ocean pollutants and their sources.

A somewhat less concrete agreement is hoped for in the field of atmospheric monitoring.

Another less firmly structured result of Stockholm may be a World Heritage Trust to protect environmentally critical areas of the globe (Angkor Wat, the Florida Everglades, and Murchison Falls in Africa are candidates) and a certain number of endangered species.

A soil management agreement may be worked out to please the Russians, who are pushing for one —perhaps out of eagerness to help the Arabs, whose arid lands aggravate their peoples' poverty.

Probably impossible to complete at Stockholm but possible to start toward and complete later is a proposal for regional research institutes modeled after the existing International Rice Institute and the newer Insect Control Institute in Nairobi, Kenya. Institutes especially directed at problems in the Orient might be sewage disposal and forestry management.

Should all else fail, the United States will be an eager signatory to a universal declaration of man's obligation to protect his environment. The following pages tell something of the magnitude of efforts to forestall failure and of the personality and habits of the remarkable man who is guiding these energies.

—JOHN LEAR,
Science Editor.

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GLOBAL POLLUTION—II

CLEANUP MAN MAURICE STRONG

by SALLY LINDSAY

Maurice Frederick Strong, who has the delicate task of organizing the first global conference on human environment, is a contemporary anomaly: a good man who finishes first.

A forty-two-year-old Canadian of deceptively mild appearance with a small, trim mustache and a perky expression, Strong is a man of enormous drive. He is a self-made millionaire who doesn't really care about money; a self-taught and widely read admirer of learning whose formal education ended with high school; and a hard-headed realist with missionary leanings who sincerely wants to eliminate poverty and misery around the world.

When U.N. Secretary General U Thant asked him in February of 1970 to serve as secretary general of the U.N. Conference on the Human Environment at Stockholm in 1972, Strong was a deputy minister in the Canadian government, running his country's $400-million foreign aid program. Unbeknown to the Canadian public, he was at that time drafting a bill to establish the Canadian Development Corporation, a multimillion-dollar government investment fund designed to develop Canadian enterprise with Canadian money. He had been asked by Canada's Prime Minister, Pierre Trudeau, to become the corporation's first president if and when it became a legal entity by act of Parliament.

Strong wanted to take the U.N. job. He believed that the environment was "the most international of all the great issues facing the world today," and that "it promises to give East and West a new reason to cooperate." Even more important, he hoped that by dealing effectively with the environment, the United Nations itself might become revitalized. But because of loyalty to Prime Minister Trudeau, he felt he had to remain in Canada and complete the work he had begun on the Canadian Development Corporation. So he turned U Thant's offer down.

U Thant, however, was persistent. After telling Trudeau he would leave the post open for a few months, he enlisted an array of international figures, including former Canadian Prime Minister Lester B. Pearson and Olaf Palme, former U.N. Assembly president, who is the present Prime Minister of Sweden, to plead with Trudeau for Strong's release.

—United Nations

Maurice F. Strong (left) presiding over a U.N. meeting on the environment.

Strong finished his draft of the CDC legislation and won Cabinet approval of it. Trudeau still wanted him to head the corporation, but the pressure from the United Nations was intense. Strong proposed that he be allowed to work for U Thant "on leave of absence"—provided that the Soviet Union would be willing to approach environmental problems through the United Nations rather than unilaterally. To be sure of his ground, he made a trip to the U.S.S.R. and talked with senior government officials. Satisfied of their intentions, he accepted the U.N. post last fall and took over his duties officially on January 1 of this year with the title of U.N. Undersecretary General, the highest rank ever held by a Canadian at the U.N. Secretariat.

Today Strong frequently deals with heads of state. Yet his name is not listed in any *Who's Who*, and his existence is not recognized by most citizens of the nation bordering his own. How did he achieve his present place of international respect and regard?

Strong was born in 1929, the year of the great stock market crash, in the small prairie town of Oak Lake, Manitoba—population about 400. He was the first of four children. His father was an assistant station agent for the Canadian Pacific Railway who worked at anything he could get after his regular job vanished. As a boy, Maurice himself worked occasionally shoveling and hauling grain. The family was poor, living in rented houses that lacked heat, electricity, and indoor plumbing. Debts at all the local stores were chronic. Strong remembers his clothes freezing stiff on winter nights and his father going out to cut wood with rags wrapped around his feet because he had no boots.

Before he was ten years old, Maurice Strong began reading about business and the stock market from books and papers he found in an uncle's hardware store. He determined to learn all he could about money. "Life's true values" had already been conveyed by his mother, who introduced him to the classics of English literature by reading to him when he was very young. He counts her as one of the two main influences of his life. The other was the principal of the public school he went to. C. E. Heapy, the principal, was also Strong's teacher for many years. A stern but fair disciplinarian, Mr. Heapy

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gave his pupils a feeling of self-worth. Strong still keeps in touch with him.

Now in his eighties, Heapy recalls that Strong skipped two grades and was "about the brightest boy" Heapy ever taught. "He could read immensely and acquire a lot of knowledge in a short time. . . . He was always darting here and darting there, full of creative ideas. . . . He had the urge to see everything and do everything."

At thirteen, Strong ran away from home. World War II had started, and he had a vague idea of getting into action. He rode the rails east to Ontario and stowed on a Great Lakes freighter. Caught before making port, he worked as a galley swab. Then he turned around and hitched west to Vancouver. There, adding a few years to his true age—something he says he is not particularly proud of now—he enlisted in the merchant marine. Signing as a seaman on a Pacific freighter in the Canadian Army Transport Service, he made two voyages to Alaska before his father, who had enlisted in the Royal Canadian Air Force, caught up with him and brought him home. They struck a bargain: If Maurice would finish school, he would be free to do what he wanted.

At the age of fifteen, Strong completed his end of the agreement. Wanting more education but lacking the money to attend the provincial university, he took a job with the Hudson's Bay Company as an apprentice fur trader and moved to the company's Chesterfield Inlet post in the Northwest Territories—about a thousand miles from his home town—in country inhabited by Eskimos. During the long arctic nights, Strong, never one to waste a moment, mastered the Eskimo language, studied economics and geology. He also found time to collect mineral samples that later became valuable clues for prospectors staking claims in the north country. That experience led Strong, at the age of seventeen, to move to Toronto to form a mining company with four of the prospectors, who were very much his seniors. He successfully raised capital for the company but soon found that promoting mining stock was not what he wanted to do.

While crossing the country to join the merchant marine, Strong had picked up an old newspaper in a boxcar in a Saskatchewan freight yard and read about the declaration of the Atlantic Charter. That prompted him to read everything he could find on the formation of the United Nations. Attracted by the U.N.'s promise and dissatisfied with what he was doing, Strong, still in his teens, again added enough years to his age to make himself credible and, with the help of a friend, got a temporary job as an assistant identification officer at the United Nations in 1947. He checked security at meetings, saw that delegates had pencils, paper, water, and drinking cups, and observed at close range such world figures as Trygve Lie and Andrei Gromyko. At the end of a year, Strong left, for he realized that he lacked both the formal education and the kind of participation in his country's national life that would make a future at the United Nations possible.

While at the United Nations, however, Strong had met a dean of the Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration who advised him that he could be admitted to the school without an undergraduate degree and once there could take courses to compensate for the lack. The Harvard possibility was attractive, but Strong rejected it because he hadn't the money for tuition and had a distaste for borrowing.

A more comfortable alternative was a free education through an officer's course being offered by the Royal Canadian Air Force. Strong had applied for entrance to the course before going to the United Nations and had been accepted while there. Hoping that an air force commission would provide the equivalent of a university education and might make him eligible for senior-level jobs, Strong enlisted in the flying corps. He did well at the paper work and at officer training but not in the actual flying. Trouble with depth perception caused near crack-ups on several landings, and he washed out.

At nineteen, in need of a skill to sell, Strong headed back to Manitoba. There he became an apprentice statistician with James Richardson & Sons, the largest stockbrokerage house in western Canada. He rose rapidly, first to full-fledged statistician and then to analyst of oil and mining securities. The Richardson company sent him to Calgary, the Canadian equivalent of Dallas, at the start of the region's oil boom in the early 1950s.

When he was twenty-one, Strong married a Manitoba girl from a town even smaller than his own. They met one evening in the "tuck shop"—a place where dances were held and refreshments sold—on the campus of the college where she was training to be a teacher. After walking her back to her dormitory the evening they met, Strong announced, "I'm going to marry you." She laughed. But a year later she married Strong.

In Calgary, Strong joined a new oil company as assistant to the president. Soon he was vice president and treasurer of the firm. Receiving stock as well as a salary, he made his first fortune by 1952. He was twenty-three.

For his new wife, he built and furnished a "dream" house. Six weeks after the last of the furniture was delivered, he sold the place and everything in it, gave up his job, and set off with her on what turned out to be a two-year, round-the-world voyage of self-discovery. The Strongs visited thirty countries in Europe, the Middle East, Africa, and Asia. "I wasn't satisfied," he later explained. "I was restless. It wasn't just wanderlust. It was what you might call a spiritual restlessness, a desire to find meaning and purpose in life—to find a cause."

A whole year was spent in East Africa. When he tired of sight-seeing there, he typically sought something else to do. It turned out to be a job with a U.S. oil company, for which he set up service stations in Kenya and Zanzibar and trained natives to run them. On the side, he helped develop a graphite mine in Tanganyika (now Tanzania).

In Africa and later in Asia, Strong encountered the grass-roots work of the Young Men's Christian Association. There are YMCAs in more than eighty countries; wherever possible they are run by local leaders. Although Strong did not know it then, the YMCA has a world development program—the YMCA World Service—supported mainly by the international committees of the national boards of YMCAs in various affluent countries. The work of the World Service, coordinated by the World Alliance of YMCAs in Geneva, consists largely of adult education, training programs, and leadership and community development programs carried out on a person-to-person basis and aimed at attacking the basic problems of poverty, illiteracy, and disease. The ultimate goal is to enable people to become self-supporting.

Strong was deeply impressed by the success of the local Ys in helping indigenous populations help themselves. "Discovering the YMCA," he has said, "was the most profound experience of my life." He had found a cause: international development.

Back in Calgary at the end of his world tour, Strong returned to the oil company he had left and volunteered his services at the local Y. He became active as a layman in World Service work, and over the years, whatever his full-time job, he continued to devote time and money to the YMCA. He attended YMCA world meetings, raised funds, reviewed projects in the field, and rose through the administrative ranks to chairmanship of the National World Service Committee in Canada, the vice chairmanship of the International Committee of the United States and Canada, and the presidency of the Canadian National Council of YMCAs.

Firmly convinced that practical business experience was needed in the field of foreign aid, and that aid had to be

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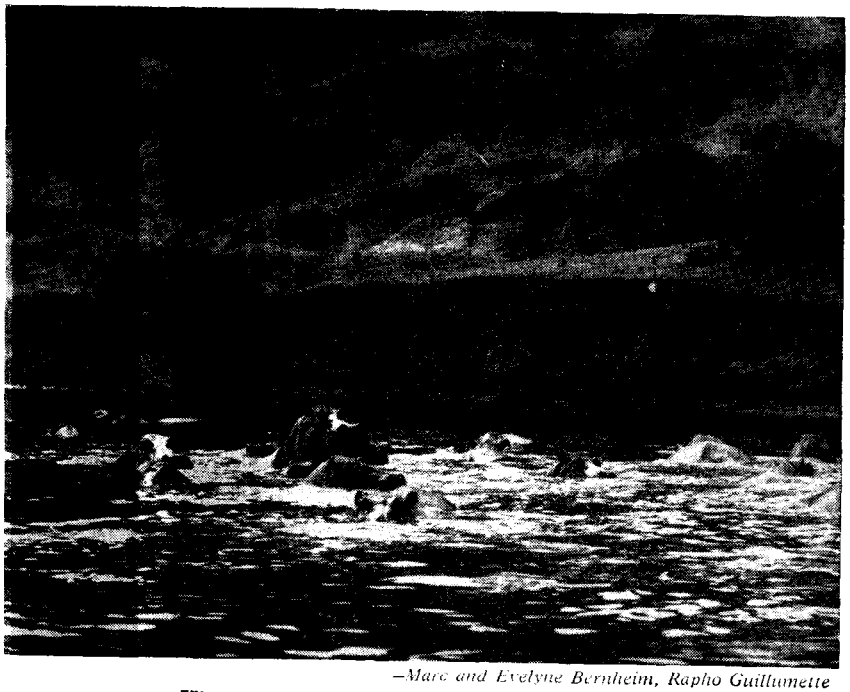
—Pavlovsky, Rapho Guillumette

Cleaning Brittany beach after "Torrey Canyon" oil spill.

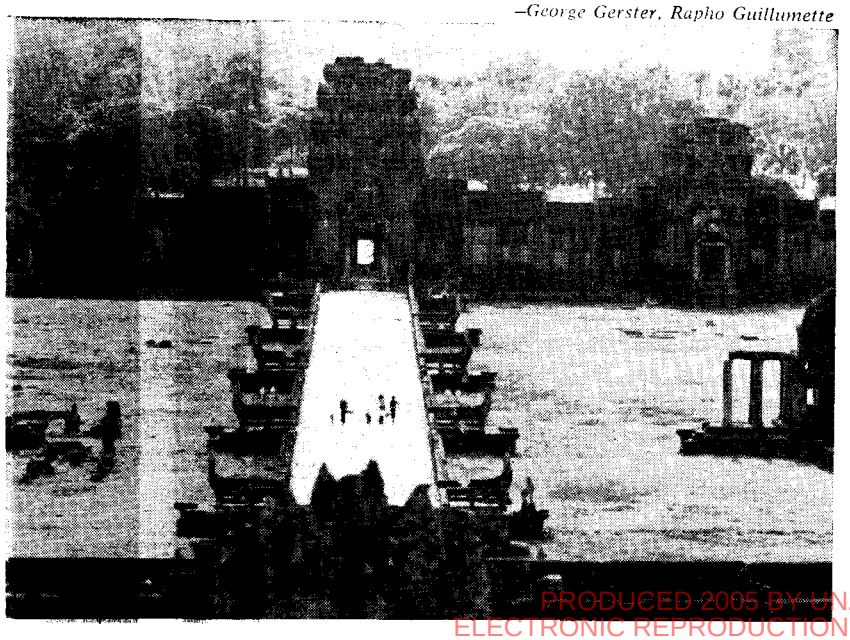


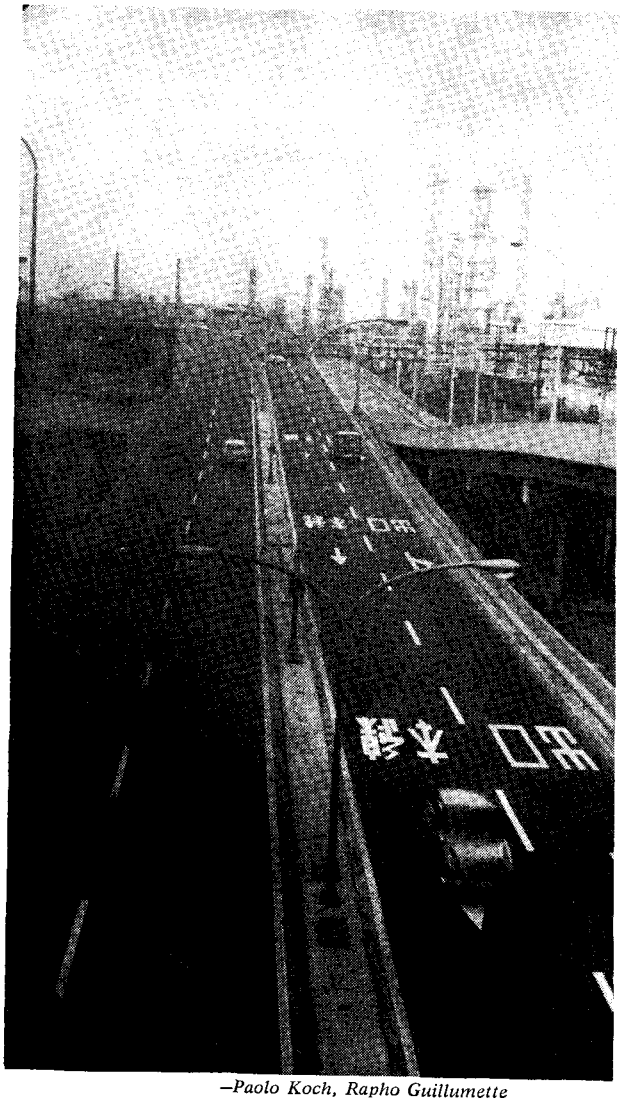
—Marc and Evelyne Bernheim, Rapho Guillumette

Hippopotamus herd in waters of Uganda.

Angkor Wat: relic of Indochinese culture.

—George Gerster, Rapho Guillumette





—Paolo Koch, Rapho Guillumette

Smog veils the sky in Japan.

A sampler of environmental problems that Maurice Strong is encouraging the world's peoples to cope with at 1972 United Nations Conference on Human Environment. Adoption of a "clean oceans" convention now seems ensured. Techniques for the monitoring of atmospheric pollution are likely to be agreed on preparatory to setting of international standards for particular effluents. Guarding natural and cultural treasures is also high on the agenda. Enabling machinery for regional research institutes will probably be set up, to be put in motion later.

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tied to economic development to be meaningful, Strong applied in 1956 for a job at any level with the External Aid Office of the Department of External Affairs, the Canadian equivalent of the U.S. State Department. One of the requirements for employment was a university degree. Having none, Strong was turned down.

Ever a realist, he continued his business career, setting up his own management consulting firm in Calgary (M. F. Strong Management, Ltd.), and engaged in business transactions all over Canada. The company also did some overseas work that didn't make money but gratified Strong's interest in international affairs. An example was a study for the Nigerian government on ways of using natural gas in that country. In 1959, Strong headed a newly reorganized gas and oil company, Canadian Industrial Gas, Ltd.

Already known to many in the world of business, Strong came to national attention in Canada in 1964 when, at the age of thirty-five, after two years as executive vice president, he became president of Power Corporation of Canada, a multimillion-dollar Montreal-based holding company, one of the country's biggest business operations. Among the congratulatory letters he received on the occasion were one from Prime Minister Pearson and another from Paul Martin, an old friend of Strong's, who was then Secretary of State for External Affairs in the Pearson Cabinet. At the bottom of his letter, Secretary Martin wrote in longhand: "You are going to become one of Canada's most important men."

Strong's position with Power Corporation led to directorships in some thirty Canadian and U.S. companies, including the Canadian Steamship Line, owner of the freighter on which he had stowed years before. With stock options added to his salary, these gave him an annual income around $200,000.

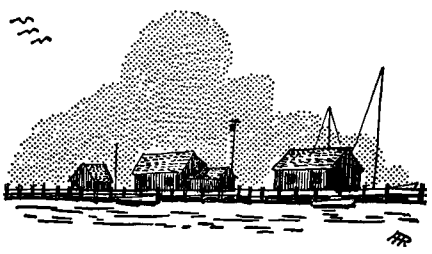
In 1966, when the director general of Canada's External Aid Office, a career diplomat in the Canadian foreign service, was named Ambassador to Japan, the top job in Canadian foreign aid opened up. While considering possible successors, Secretary of State Martin heard that Strong might be interested. Impressed by Strong's qualifications but not convinced that so young a man with such a promising business career would make the sacrifice required to enter government, Martin telephoned Strong and asked if he really was interested in the job. He recalls that Strong replied: "If you offered it to me, I'd jump at it." Thus, on Martin's recommendation, Pearson appointed Strong to head the External Aid Office, the very department that ten years before had turned Strong down for a junior post.

Without qualm, Strong accepted the almost 85 per cent cut in annual remuneration that went with the job, and proceeded to divest himself of his many directorships. He had never valued money as an end in itself. He and his wife had always lived on an unostentatious scale below their means. And he had always believed "that government service is a high calling to which a man should respond when asked."

To no one's surprise, Strong threw himself with wholehearted enthusiasm into his new job and brought fresh focus, direction, and life to External Aid. During his tenure, the office was reorganized according to a plan of his devising, and was renamed the Canadian International Development Agency. The change in name symbolized the change in outlook that had gradually been taking place in aid programs since they became an important element of foreign policy following the end of World War II. From filling basic needs for food, medicine, and seeds, the objective of aid had shifted to construction of factories and dams, and finally—about the time Strong entered the picture—to broad, long-range, integrated projects built on extensive research and directed toward substantial changes in patterns of living.

To streamline CIDA and make it as efficient an operation as possible, Strong brought in professional managers from outside the civil service, introduced the modern information systems and cost-benefit analysis techniques of the business world, and posted CIDA field personnel to embassies abroad to supervise ongoing projects and acquire knowledge of recipient countries. He also associated CIDA more closely in joint projects with the World Bank, various regional development banks, and U.N. specialized agencies, which are better able to impose desired administrative conditions than are individual governments.

Both Lester Pearson and Pierre Trudeau, who succeeded Pearson as Prime Minister in 1968, have stressed the importance of foreign aid and made it the policy of their governments to expand the volume of Canadian external assistance each year. During Strong's tenure, at a time of austerity when other government departments had their budgets cut or frozen, CIDA's budget was increased, and the total outflow of Canadian foreign aid—including that from both government and private sectors—rose from .49 per cent of the Gross National Product to .71 per cent. Following an overall review of Canadian foreign policy, the Trudeau Cabinet decided in 1970 to commit the government to an annual increase in development assistance funds of $60-million over the next few years, bringing the government allocation for fiscal year 1970-71 to a total of $364-million. Strong is credited with playing an important role in persuading the government to adopt that goal.



While running an office of 600 employees with a budget of almost $400-million and logging hundreds of thousands of air miles to attend meetings and check on CIDA programs around the world, Strong still found time to help create a new Canadian government enterprise—the International Development Research Center—the purpose of which is to assist developing countries conduct research bearing on regional problems. Set up in May 1970, the IDRC is at work in twenty-five countries in the general areas of agriculture, food, and nutrition; information systems; the social sciences and human resources; and population and health sciences. Although the center operates on Canadian money, it has a multinational board of directors and is free to conduct its research anywhere in the world.

Strong could revitalize CIDA because he studied what was needed, decided which needs could be filled within what time limits, assigned priorities for action accordingly, exercised his ability as "a specialist in using experts," gave the experts clear objectives, delegated authority among them commensurate with responsibility, and then left them alone—except for the ever-present inspiration of his own work pattern.

An early riser, who apparently needs less than the usual amount of sleep, he regularly put in from fourteen to sixteen hours a day, one or two of them at home before leaving for the office, where he normally arrived at 8:15 a.m. At least one loaded brief case went home with him when he left the office at 7 or 8 in the evening. Weekends, too, were frequently spent at work.

A fidgety man who pulls paper clips apart and fiddles with pencils, Strong was almost constantly on the go. Everywhere he carried with him a lightweight, pocket-sized dictating machine into which, on planes, in automobiles, and in hotel rooms he talked memos, letters, staff instructions, and ideas that came to him. Assistants who transcribed them at the office say the tapes did not require editing.

His success in dealing with undeveloped nations through CIDA is the root

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of his phenomenal accomplishment at the United Nations since the beginning of the year. Whereas most diplomats began by assuming that the poor nations and the rich nations would quarrel interminably over sharing the cost of a quality environment and hence could not possibly agree on anything more than a face-saving paper declaration of good intentions at Stockholm, Strong began with the conviction that if the undeveloped countries were accorded sympathetic understanding, they would do their share in preparing for meaningful action. He therefore very early insisted on a conference agenda designed for three levels of procedure simultaneously. On the top level was a declaration of intentions. On the middle level were a limited number of positive acts that could be taken on the spot. On the bottom level was a longer list of proposed actions that could be set in motion at Stockholm and allowed to develop later.

Through sheer force of character, Strong has persuaded virtually everyone connected with the Stockholm conference that his ideas are practical. But that does not mean he thinks everything is settled. "This will be a cliff-hanger," he says. "There will be many moments right up until the opening day when it will look as though the whole thing may be about to collapse —and it will, in fact, be about to collapse from time to time. That's the only way you get any significant work done."

Perhaps, when it is all over, he will be able to compile a log of his travels. He has covered hundreds of thousands of miles, crisscrossed all the continents except Antarctica, and personally reassured all the U.N. members that their interests will be respected.

Strong has moved his family from Canada to Geneva, "for the duration." If he had not done that, he would enjoy even less time than he normally can share with his wife and their four children—two boys and two girls ranging in age from nine to fifteen—(a foster daughter of twenty-five works as a nurse and lives on her own). In the privacy of home, Strong shows a side his associates might never guess at, indulging in much teasing and occasional practical jokes. He says, and his wife confirms, that the children often look at him in wonderment and ask: "How can anyone take you seriously?"

As the time for the Stockholm meeting approaches, more and more people all over the world are taking Strong seriously and considering his view of the future of the United Nations: "The overriding thing we have to do is convince *all* the countries that the United Nations framework offers the only available, usable instrument we have for reconciling our differences."

GLOBAL POLLUTION—III

U.N. AS POLICEMAN

by RICHARD N. GARDNER

One of the boldest adventures in international cooperation ever attempted—the United Nations Conference on the Human Environment—will reach a climax at Stockholm, Sweden, during the two weeks from June 5 to 16, 1972. Representatives of 130 countries and several dozen international organizations will come together then to deal with six enormous subjects:

- Planning and management of the environmental quality of human settlements everywhere.
- Environmental aspects of natural resource management (defined broadly to include animal, botanical, and mineral resources).
- Identification and control of environmental pollutants and nuisances of broad significance.
- Educational, informational, social, and cultural aspects of environmental issues.
- Economic development and the environment (including environmental policies as a component of comprehensive planning in developing countries).
- International organizational implications of proposals for action.

Since the conference is limited to two weeks, and since Stockholm has only three conference halls large enough to hold all the proposed participants, there is only one week available to cover each of these items. How can it be done? One U.N. official answers: "The Stockholm conference is like a marriage ceremony. Most things are being arranged beforehand, and as little as possible will be left to chance on the day."

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The simile is apt enough. It is difficult to remember any other U.N. meeting so thoroughly prepared in advance as this one. Under the overall direction of a twenty-seven-nation preparatory committee, intergovernmental working groups are drafting concrete proposals on marine pollution, soil conservation, environmental monitoring, a World Heritage Foundation, and the text of a Declaration on the Human Environment. Concurrently with these activities, governments are submitting reports describing their experience in environmental management and suggesting ideas for international action. And the interested specialized agencies of the U.N. are preparing a consolidated statement of their current work and future plans.

A conceptual framework for the Stockholm deliberations is expected to be ready for publication in the spring of 1972. It will be issued as a report on the state of the global environment. Considering that Maurice Strong, Secretary General of the Stockholm conference, only left his former post as head of Canada's International Development Agency to assume his new duties at the beginning of this year, he and his small staff in Geneva will perform a miracle if the conferees are able to take more than a fraction of the decisions necessary to preserve the global environment. A senior international official recently put the situation this way:

"The Stockholm conference comes both too late and too early. Too late if its purpose is to arouse public opinion; this has already happened, at least in the developed countries. Too early if it is to take decisive action; most governments aren't ready, and besides in many areas we simply don't have the knowledge necessary."

Inevitably, then, the most important agenda item at Stockholm will be the last one listed above—international organizational implications of proposals for action. For if final answers to the world's environmental problems cannot be looked for next June, there must be established at least an institutional framework in which those answers can be effectively sought in future years.

Curiously, nobody gave much thought to the organizational question

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until recently. To help move things forward, a kind of "Mini-Stockholm" was organized at the end of May by two private organizations—the Institute on Man and Science and the Aspen Institute of Humanistic Studies—at the former's idyllic headquarters in Rensselaerville, New York. Under the chairmanship of Philip C. Jessup, former U.S. judge on the International Court of Justice, forty key decision-makers from governments, international agencies, and the scientific community spent three days probing the central question: "How can the international community be organized most effectively for environmental action?"

While the meeting was not intended to and did not reach formal agreement on an institutional design, it yielded a surprising consensus on some issues and usefully clarified the choices facing the Stockholm conference on other matters. The areas of consensus may be summarized as follows:

● The new institutions for environmental action should be within the framework of the United Nations. Environmental problems are global as well as regional and local; they need to be dealt with by global as well as regional and local institutions. An organization limited to developed countries or to NATO countries could not deal effectively with environmental problems on the territory of non-members or with the ocean environment, which is the common concern of all. Despite much talk to the contrary, most developing countries face serious environmental problems and want help in solving them. As Strong told the Rensselaerville meetings:

> In my recent travels in the developing countries, I have found that while the word "environment" has not yet acquired the magic it has in the more industrialized countries, the issues it embraces are of real and growing concern to them: polluted water supplies, degradation of agricultural lands, depletion of wildlife and fisheries, and, perhaps most urgent, the problem of cities which are growing at rates unprecedented in human history. Some of these cities face the prospect of water contamination and health hazards which will make them unfit for human habitation within the next decade or so. Indeed, the "eco-catastrophes" of which we hear so much are much more likely to occur in the developing world than in the wealthier countries which have the resources to deal with these problems.

● One thing *not* to do is to establish a new U.N. specialized agency. Environment covers a broad range of subjects already being dealt with within the functional responsibilities of existing U.N. agencies—atmospheric pollution in the World Meteorological Organization, environmental health in the World Health Organization, conservation of soil, forest, and animal resources in the Food and Agriculture Organization, etc. Environmental matters also are being dealt with in the U.N.'s Regional Economic Commissions. A Specialized Agency for the Environment would result in duplication of activities and would compound already serious coordination problems.

● The principal need is for new institutions at the center of the U.N. system to serve as the "brain" of the international environmental network. The central institutions should undertake a global review of environmental trends, policies, and actions; should determine important issues to be brought to the attention of governments; should suggest priorities for further action in respect of those issues; and should identify gaps in the knowledge and in the performance of organizations carrying out measures of environmental control. The central institutions should draw upon rather than duplicate ongoing work in existing functional and regional agencies and should be flexible and capable of adaption as understanding of environmental problems grows.

One element in the central mechanism should be a small, highly competent secretariat operating on the interface between the scientific community and the political process. It should be headed by an Undersecretary General or a Commissioner for the Environment, and should enjoy sufficient independence within the U.N. system to operate effectively.

Another element in the central mechanism should be some kind of intergovernmental body to which the secretariat would be responsible. There could be an environmental board established by the General Assembly, or an environmental committee under the Economic and Social Council (ECOSOC), or perhaps even periodic ECOSOC meetings at the ministerial level devoted to the environment.

Some participants in the Rensselaerville meeting urged that environment be kept in the ECOSOC framework so that one institution could face the interrelated issues of development and environment; these people warned that separate bodies on environment and development could result in two sets of conflicting resolutions each reflecting a limited and inadequate perspective. Others urged that environment needed greater visibility and status than could be achieved in ECOSOC, which in their view has an unsatisfactory record.

Although the issue was not resolved, there was agreement that whatever intergovernmental body is created should be composed not just of career diplomats acting upon instructions but of highly qualified government officials responsible for environmental affairs. Moreover, the work of the intergovernmental committee should be reviewed regularly by one of the main committees of the U.N. General Assembly and perhaps also by a periodic "Stockholm conference."

The central secretariat and intergovernmental body should be assisted by some kind of scientific group to provide independent and expert judgment free from government influence. One possibility is an International Center for the Environment (ICE), a proposal that has gained support in the International Council of Scientific Unions. ICE could conduct research on environmental problems and assist specialized agencies such as WMO and WHO in the designing of environmental monitoring networks and in the evaluation of information received. A more modest possibility would be a scientific advisory group attached to the intergovernmental committee and composed of persons serving in their individual capacities, perhaps with subgroups on specific environmental problems.

Whichever possibility is chosen, representatives of some of the specialized agencies at Rensselaerville said, the agencies should design their own monitoring networks and evaluate the data derived from them. The agencies are clearly reluctant to have any central scientific group performing functions that they regard as within their traditional fields of competence.

It was further agreed that the new in-

WIT TWISTER #229

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

They fight _ _ _ _ _ _, yet
memories remain.
They wake to rappings at the _
_ _ _ _ _ _ door;
At midnight, hollow footsteps
sound again,
Although their spectral _ _ _
_ _ _ comes no more.

—A. S.

(*Answer on page* 54)

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ternational environmental institutions should encourage existing agencies to get on with other fundamental tasks. One is the training of personnel needed for environmental management. Another is formulation of environmental education programs for schools and for the general public. A third is establishment of environmental criteria to be applied by national and international development agencies. A fourth is the devising of means to avoid undesirable trade barriers resulting from different national approaches to pollution control.

That was the extent of the consensus at Rensselaerville. But some crystallization of opinion occurred on several other key questions.

Should there be some kind of environment fund—and, if so, what should be the arrangements for its administration? An environment fund, it was urged, would help coordinate the activities of individual agencies. It would provide developing countries with extra financing over and above existing aid funds to help them take environmental protection measures they otherwise could not afford; it would also assure developed countries that funds they contributed for environmental purposes would be used for top-priority environmental projects. But several governments represented at Rensselaerville were not yet ready to commit themselves to such a fund. Moreover, there was no consensus as to whether a fund should be managed by the U.N. Development Program or by a new body. Nor was there agreement on the kind of governance of the fund that would satisfy both developed and developing countries.

What kind of institutions should be established for the settlement of environmental disputes? More specifically, what degree of international control should be established over the actions of a nation within its territory that might affect the environment of others? Some examples given in Rensselaerville were U.S. uses of the Colorado River injurious to Mexico, possible damage by the Aswan Dam to the fisheries and beaches of the eastern Mediterranean, and the potential climatic effects of contemplated Soviet diversion of rivers presently flowing from Siberia into the Arctic Ocean.

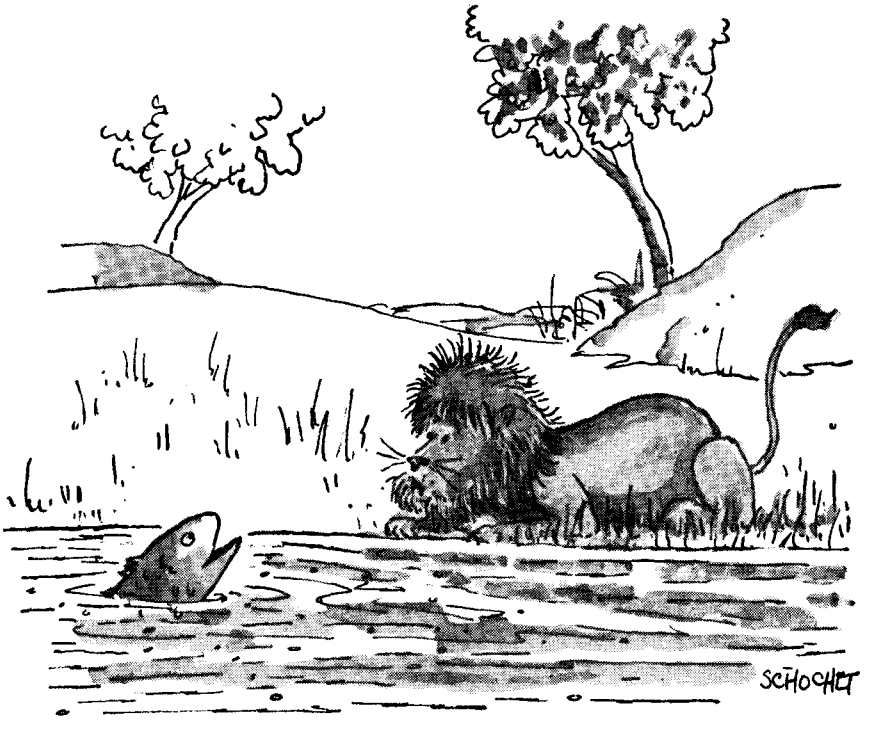
In his address to the opening session of the May meeting held at U.N. Headquarters, U.S. Senator Edmund Muskie proposed that U.N. members should henceforth report to the United Nations on all their actions that might affect the environment of others. While conceding that nations were not yet ready to accept an international veto over national decisions on environmental matters, Muskie urged that every nation not only should make full disclosure of its environmental actions but should consult in good faith with other nations and international agencies when they advanced comments or objections. In cases of disagreement, he said, an impartial group should report on the facts and make appropriate recommendations.

The sessions at Rensselaerville produced a number of different reactions to the issues raised by Senator Muskie. Judge Jessup urged that the International Court of Justice be used for the settlement of environmental disputes. The Court could sit in special chambers for this purpose and make use of scientific "assessors," or fact-finders, where necessary. Other Rensselaerville participants felt a need for more flexible machinery than the Court could provide. In their view, it would be better to bring environmental disputes to the proposed intergovernmental committee on the environment and its scientific advisory group. Dr. Gerardo Budowski, director general of the International Union for the Conservation of Nature and Natural Resources, suggested that his organization could usefully serve as an "expert witness" in international disputes because of its non-governmental character. In his view, moreover, the international community sooner or later would have to face the need for some kind of "policing" to prevent actions causing irreversible damage to the environment.

The Rensselaerville discussions revealed that this thorny issue might be difficult to resolve at Stockholm. A number of diplomats and government officials expressed doubt that governments would be ready to accept international review of national actions. Dr. Konstantin Ananichev, director of the International Organizations Department of the U.S.S.R. State Committee for Science and Technology, emphasized that any new environmental machinery should be of an "international and not of a supranational character" and should operate "only through cooperative actions of sovereign states." However, he also stressed the need for "joint research on agreed international programs" and did not exclude the possibility that such joint research could be organized on a case-by-case basis with the consent of all the parties involved to evaluate the international consequences of national actions.

What international machinery should be established to deal with pollution of the seas? The participants at Rensselaerville agreed that this was a matter of urgent importance, since the marine environment, accounting for 70 per cent of the Earth's surface, is presently subject to almost no effective measures of protection.

The Intergovernmental Working Group on marine pollution is considering an international agreement regulating ocean dumping (the transportation from national territory to the oceans of waste materials that could harm the marine environment). Even if this were approved at Stockholm and rati-



"Hi there, I'm King of the Sea."

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fied by governments, it would still leave untouched the main sources of marine pollution—the pollutants coming to the oceans directly from land, from rivers, and from the atmosphere.

Should some international machinery be established to monitor and eventually regulate all these additional sources of marine pollution? Should it be global in character, or should we begin with separate regional efforts to clean up the Mediterranean, the Baltic, and the North Sea? Should pollution from vessels in maritime commerce continue to be dealt with by a separate agency—the Intergovernmental Maritime Consultative Organization—or should one agency deal with marine pollution from all sources? What should be the relation between agencies concerned with marine pollution and the proposed International Seabed Authority that would have responsibility for exploitation of the deep sea bed? Should there be a single agency for all the problems of the oceans, including the difficult issue of fisheries as well? It was clear at Rensselaerville that the international community was very far from a consensus on these fundamental questions.

Finally, which nations should participate in international institutions for environmental control? Senator Muskie urged that the next General Assembly make the United Nations universal in membership; if this were not possible, it should at least invite all governments to participate in the Stockholm conference. This would mean mainland China and both Germanys, to mention the most important, and others such as both Koreas and both Vietnams.

There was strong sentiment at Rensselaerville for the proposition that participation at Stockholm should be universal. But this was coupled with a good deal of uncertainty as to whether the next General Assembly would make the United Nations universal in membership and whether, if it failed to do so, governments not admitted to the U.N. itself would be willing to come to Stockholm.

The Rensselaerville meeting served to underline the complexity of these unresolved organizational questions. Nevertheless, the meeting did reveal one bit of common philosophy on environmental problems. It was best stated by Senator Muskie at the opening session:

> The simple truth is that . . . we are far from one world politically. But, by necessity if not by choice, we are one world environmentally. States have sovereign rights—but so do people. We cannot rely on the political habits of the past to save our environment for the future.

"THE ENERGY CRISIS"

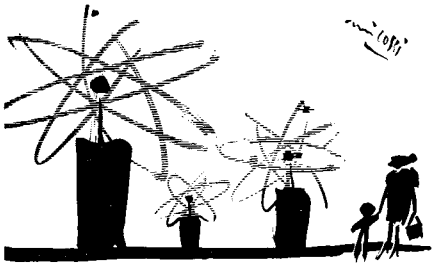
The fundamental question is this: Do we *need* twice as much electricity every ten years?

by PAUL R. EHRLICH and JOHN P. HOLDREN

Many Americans, when they think of energy or power, think only of electricity. Actually, the generation of electricity accounts for less than one-quarter of all United States energy consumption. The electrical part of the energy budget has been doubling roughly every decade since 1940, but total energy consumption for most of that period was increasing less than half as fast. Since 1965, however, the growth rate of total energy consumption has increased, and at the present rate it would double in about fourteen years.

In view of these extraordinary growth figures and their implications, the intensifying interest in energy problems on the part of government, industry, universities, and the public is easy to understand, for, on the one hand, energy is the prime mover of technology and an essential ingredient in fashioning a decent standard of living. On the other hand, it is a central component of man's growing impact on his environment. Thus, the nature of "the energy crisis" depends on whom one asks.

Industry and many branches of government, including the Federal Power Commission, apparently regard the present growth rates as inviolable. They view the crisis as the problem of mobilizing resources and technology quickly enough—in the face of growing opposition from environmentalists—to maintain these rates indefinitely. To the environmentalists, the crisis is the possibility that the growth rates will indeed be maintained, accompanied by a degree of environmental deterioration barely hinted at today. And thoughtful observers of every persuasion worry about bringing the costs of pollution into the balance sheets and about how the resulting increase in the price of energy will affect the poor.



Because no means of supplying energy is without serious liabilities, there are no easy technological solutions to our energy problems. The use of fossil fuels pollutes air and water, defaces the landscape through mining, and depletes a resource having other, recyclable uses—for example, lubrication and synthetics. Unexploited hydroelectric sites are in limited supply, and their development compromises other values. Nuclear fission poses hazards at every step of the enterprise, from mining through fuel reprocessing, and it creates a burden of radioactive wastes that must be infallibly contained, unerringly transported, and indefinitely interred. Controlled fusion has not yet been conclusively demonstrated to be scientifically feasible, and it will not be completely free of environmental costs when we do get it. Solar energy is unevenly distributed, dilute, and presently expensive to harness. There are other energy sources (and other defects in the ones just listed), but a more comprehensive compilation simply confirms the verdict: The "energy crisis" will not be solved by technology alone.

The more fundamental question, then, cannot be avoided: Do we really *need* twice as much electricity every ten years and twice as much energy of all kinds every fourteen? Industry spokesmen claim that the only alternative is a return to a more primitive existence. The persistent repetition of this fallacy, in forums from newspaper editorials to Congressional hearings, does not make it any more plausible. Obviously, our options are more varied than the two choices the industrialists are offering. For example, a great deal of energy is used frivolously and wastefully in the United States, partly because energy is so cheap. Most of us live in poorly insulated homes and apartments and work in poorly insulated buildings, all of which require vast quantities of energy to heat and air-condition (more than 10 per cent of U.S. energy consumption). For the most part, individuals commute alone in two-ton automobiles (13 per cent of our energy consumption is in the form of gasoline for private cars). And we pour countless kilowatt-hours

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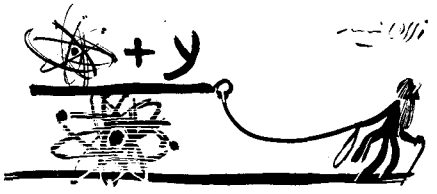
into the night sky from garish flashing signs.

Such extravagance has little to do with a real standard of living and nothing to do with improving the lot of the poor. It is undeniable, of course, that energy will be needed for pollution control, for mass transportation, for restoring our central cities, and for coping with a certain unavoidable amount of population growth. But many of these legitimate energy needs can be met at the expense of existing wasteful uses, rather than by mindlessly and dangerously increasing total consumption at present rates.

The beginning of a rational response to our energy problems would be to pay the price of reducing energy's impact on the environment—clean up fossil-fueled power plants, perhaps put nuclear plants underground, and so on. The effect of the resulting higher energy prices on the poor could be partly buffered by inverting the present rate structure for electricity, in which the cost per kilowatt-hour decreases as consumption goes up. Salutary effects could be expected in other segments



of the economy. The iron and aluminum industries, for example, would recycle more and mine less if energy were more expensive, because recycling uses much less energy per ton. Another constructive step would be to outlaw promotional advertising by public utilities. (Consolidated Edison of New York has quit voluntarily, but many others continue to use Madison-Avenue techniques to create "demand," which they then claim to be duty bound to meet.)

No one knows how much reduction in energy consumption would result from such measures, because they have not yet been tried and are only now beginning to be extensively studied [see "Clean Power from Inside the Earth," *SR*, Dec. 5, 1970]. But there is ample reason to believe that a "crisis" in supply and demand can be met by manipulating demand as well as supply, and the power lobby has produced no evidence that doing so would necessarily cripple the economy or further disadvantage the poor. The mounting—and in some degree unavoidable—environmental consequences of energy use require that the question of moderating demand now be seriously addressed. It will not be made to vanish by pious rhetoric about a "healthy economy."

TAXING U.S. POLLUTERS

Environmentalists previously opposed the idea, but experience has changed their minds.

by LAURENCE I. MOSS

Sulfur oxides are emitted in enormous quantities (now about 33 million tons per year, and increasing every year) from coal- and oil-burning power plants, smelters, oil refineries, sulfuric acid plants, furnaces burning fuel oil, and a few other miscellaneous sources. The cost of significant reduction in emissions of sulfur oxides is likely to be large (perhaps on the order of a few billion dollars per year). The proven technology to achieve these reductions, according to a recent report of the National Academy of Engineering, is not yet available for power plants, which emit 60 per cent of all sulfur oxides.

One could argue that it serves the economic self-interest of industry that solutions not be found. If solutions are found, then industry will be obliged to implement them, thereby substantially increasing costs of production and perhaps even drastically changing the way in which business is done. If solutions are not found (or if government regulators cannot prove they exist), industry will be able to present government with a choice of postponing implementation of the standards or shutting down an activity vital to the economic welfare of the United States.

Does anyone seriously believe that the Environmental Protection Agency (EPA) in 1975 will shut down all electrical generating capacity within areas having concentrations of sulfur oxides in excess of the national ambient air quality standard if a substantial fraction of U.S. electrical generating capacity lies within such areas?

There is a need to supplement the conventional regulatory process in these difficult cases, to establish a condition whereby government and industry are similarly motivated rather than motivated to act at cross-purposes. I believe that pollution taxes will fill that need by generally making it more costly for industry to continue to pollute than to stop polluting. Under such taxation, industry could be expected to greatly increase its investment in research and development and to quickly apply any promising technologies if for no other reason than that the return on such an investment would be higher than the return available from competing investments.

By encouraging marginal cost decision-making, the tax has the potential of achieving the desired level of environmental quality at lowest cost. This is why almost every economist who has studied the problem has become an advocate of the pollution tax approach to environmental quality. Robert H. Haveman, a Wisconsin University professor formerly on the staff of the Joint Economic Committee of the Congress, has calculated that the net budgetary cost of five years of water quality control under an effluent tax system would be $4.3-billion, as compared to the $12-billion the Nixon administration proposes to spend to clean up the streams, and the $14-billion appropriation advocated by Senator Edmund Muskie.

With specific reference to emissions of sulfur oxides, I applaud the President's repeated endorsement of a tax on them. I believe that the measure should include the following features:

1) A tax of 20 cents per pound of sulfur, achieved in full by 1975. This is somewhat greater than the estimated cost of abatement of sulfur oxide emissions, which ranges from about 5 to 15 cents per pound. The 20-cent charge is, incidentally, somewhat less than the measurable health and property costs to society of pollution from sulfur oxides. EPA estimates these at 25 cents per pound.

2) Uniform application of the tax throughout the nation, for reasons of administrative simplicity and to avoid creating havens for polluters.

3) Revenue from the tax should go into the general fund rather than to a trust fund. The purpose of the tax would be to abate pollution, not to raise revenue.

Candidates for pollution taxes, other than sulfur oxides, might include nitrogen oxides (from automobile exhaust), carbon monoxide, hydrocarbons, and particulate matter in the air and BOD (the biological oxygen demand made by effluent) in water.

LAURENCE I. MOSS is a member of the board of directors of the Sierra Club and one of the authors of an unpublished National Academy of Engineering study of alternative methods of environmental pollution control enforcement. His text here is taken from testimony at a recent hearing by the Joint Economic Committee of the Congress.

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Earth Watch

Worldwide Environment Notes

A Coastline Preserved

DOVER, DEL.

PUTTING CONSERVATION ahead of unlimited industrial development, Delaware's Republican Governor, Russell W. Peterson, has signed a landmark bill that bars polluting industries from the state's coastal areas. "Jobs are very important to our people," he said, "but so is the quality of the environment."

Specifically banned from the 125-mile-long coastline are oil refineries, steel and paper mills, petrochemical complexes, and offshore bulk-transfer terminals. Permitted are such "clean" enterprises as garment, jewelry, and leather goods factories, and automobile assembly plants. But even they must be approved by the state planner and a new ten-man state control board set up by the bill.

The measure will preserve Delaware's bay areas and popular ocean beaches for recreation and tourism. Adversely affected is the Shell Oil Company, which had planned to build a 150,000-barrel-per-day oil refinery on 5,000 acres it had assembled at Smyrna, where the Delaware River flows into Delaware Bay. Also blocked is Zapata-Norness, Inc., a Houston-based oil shipping company, which had hoped to build an artificial island in the bay for the transfer of coal and iron ore from small barges to king-sized freighters. In addition, a consortium of oil companies was seeking permission to build another island for the transfer of oil from supertankers to a pipeline feeding into local inland refineries.

The legislation was fought by the Chamber of Commerce, the oil and natural gas industries, and the U.S. Departments of Commerce and Treasury. They asserted that along the entire Atlantic coast, with the exception of some ports in Maine, only Delaware Bay has water deep enough to accommodate today's supertankers and giant freighters. Banning of these ships, they argued, could weaken the country's international trading posture.

Lasers Measure Air Pollution

MURRAY HILL, N.J.

TWO BELL LABORATORIES scientists have devised a laser detection system for rapid and precise measurement of minute as well as gross amounts of gaseous air pollutants.

The major pollutant gases are the nitrogen oxides, carbon monoxide, sulfur dioxide, and the hydrocarbons. Each of them absorbs a characteristic frequency of the non-visible infrared portion of the spectrum when light is shone through it. That wave-length absorption serves as a telltale "fingerprint" and makes identification and measurement possible.

The fingerprints of different gases tend to overlap, however, and the instruments presently being used for measuring pollutants cannot always distinguish between one gas and another nor detect concentrations as small as one part per million. The new laser technique, its inventors say, solves both of those problems.

Lasers are devices for producing powerful beams of coherent light—that is, light of a single frequency. The basic equipment in this system includes a laser that can be tuned to different wave lengths, a powerful electromagnet that does the tuning, and a cylindrical absorption cell, containing a sensitive microphone, in which the testing sample is placed. When the laser beam, tuned to the desired wave length, hits the cell, the light energy absorbed by the gases present there increases the temperature and pressure of the sample in direct proportion to their quantity. The increase in pressure is converted by the microphone into an electrical signal that is recorded.

So far, the Bell Labs scientists have tested their system on oxides of nitrogen—among the main pollutants found in automobile exhausts—and have detected amounts as small as ten parts per billion of nitric oxide within four seconds in air samples of only one cubic centimeter.

Although the experimental equipment being used isn't portable, thereby ruling out field tests for the time being, spokesmen for Bell Labs are confident that it can be made portable. They also say their results indicate that the system could be used with equal effectiveness on additional pollutants and might replace the time-consuming and less sensitive methods currently required to analyze air samples.

An air sample is taken along a highway for rapid testing with new Bell Labs laser technique.

Oregon Votes Container Deposit

SALEM, ORE.

THIS STATE has become the first in the nation to require a deposit on soft-drink and beer containers. A establishing the practice passed both houses of the legislature with large majorities and was signed in July by Oregon's Governor, Republican Tom McCall. Several local citizen groups were active in supporting the bill. The purpose of the measure is to encourage recycling and to eliminate much of the litter now desecrating the countryside.

Effective October 1, 1972, there will be a mandatory 5 cent deposit on all beer and soft-drink cans and bottles with the exception of so-called "interchangeable" beer bottles. These are standard containers used by more than one Pacific Northwest brewery. They will require a 2 cent deposit. Concurrently, all cans with detachable pull-tab openers will be outlawed.

A comparable bill was defeated in Washington State in last November's voting after a concentrated industry-sponsored campaign. It was charged then that industry spent up to $2-million to defeat that measure.

A national survey sampling of more than 2,000 men and women eighteen years of age and older, conducted last winter by the Opinion Research Corporation of Princeton, New Jersey, indicated that a majority of adults favor a ban on non-returnable containers.

Laws to that effect have already been enacted in eight communities and counties in different states. Representative Joseph P. Vigorito of Pennsylvania and Senator Charles McC. Mathias, Jr., of Maryland have introduced bills in Congress directed to the same end.

New Habitat for Fish

BRUNSWICK, GA.

OLD AUTO TIRES are being used here to build new homes for fish. The tires are being made into artificial reefs to convert the presently sandy and barren sea bottom into a future fisherman's paradise.

The Georgia Game and Fish Commission has plans to construct at least fourteen artificial reefs from seven to

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twenty-five miles off the state's coastline over the next five years. The reefs are built in units consisting of columns of seven or eight tires piled on top of each other and fastened together with steel rods; the bottom tire in each column is filled with concrete. Units are taken out to sea on boats and barges and rolled overboard into water that varies in depth from about thirty-five to eighty feet. The columns come to rest on the sea bottom in an upright position.

It is calculated that the artificial reefs will first attract small marine organisms and, eventually, open water game fish such as kingfish, Spanish mackerel, and sailfish.

Each reef will cover an area of four to five acres and require approximately 30,000 tires. The commission figures it can use 100,000 tires a year for the next five years.

No tires are being bought. Some have been donated by the Albany plant of the Firestone Company, which also paid the shipping costs. The Michelin plant in Atlanta ships tires regularly to the commission at Michelin's expense.

The idea of making reefs of tires has already been tried successfully off the coasts of Florida, North and South Carolina, New Jersey, Long Island, and California. A private contractor in Maine hopes to construct such reefs as breeding grounds for lobsters.

Free Space for Car-Poolers

BOSTON.

IT IS ESTIMATED that about 33,000 automobiles enter Boston each weekday morning between 7 and 9 a.m., most of them carrying solitary commuters. The local branch of the Prudential Life Insurance Company of America is doing its bit to relieve traffic congestion—by offering free parking to employees who come to work in car pools.

About 150 to 160 free spaces are reserved in the basement garage of the company's fifty-story office building here for share-a-ride cars. To be entitled to a space, a car must carry at least three persons. Priority on the waiting list is given to cars with the most passengers. Five clerical workers could win out over four executives.

The car-pool plan has been in existence for four years. It currently includes members of the clerical staff, managers, and some executives. Those with similar responsibilities tend to ride together.

Nearly half of Prudential's 1,450 employees commute to work by car. Those who prefer to ride alone, or who are still on the waiting list, park in neighborhood commercial garages at an estimated average cost of $40 a month. More than twenty-five drivers with car pools already lined up are presently on the waiting list, which has a minimum holding time of several months.

Expressway Killed

TORONTO.

AFTER WEEKS of seesawing debate, the Provincial Ontario Cabinet, led by Premier William G. Davis, has vetoed further construction of a partly built six-lane expressway that would bring commuter cars into the downtown area of this city. Seventy-four million dollars had already been spent on the controversial $143-million Spadina Expressway when it was halted.

Saying "the city does not belong to the automobile," Premier Davis promised to emphasize rapid transit instead. He added that the Cabinet decision was final and could not be appealed.

Conceived in the early 1950s, the Spadina Expressway was the first designed to run through an entirely residential Toronto area. Backers, including the Metro Council, the Ontario Municipal Board, and Toronto's City Hall, claimed the highway was the key to a transportation system necessary to the business life of the community. Opponents said completion would have required the destruction of about 700 homes in closely knit old neighborhoods, would increase downtown traffic congestion, and would lead inevitably to the construction of still more expressways across the city.

Political observers see significance in the fact that the veto came from a government about to call a provincial election. They believe the decision against the expressway may reflect a growing urban disenchantment with the automobile, and could influence the outcome of transportation controversies in other North American cities.

Japanese-U.S. Pollution Concord

TOKYO.

AS EVIDENCE of a continuing desire for international cooperation in the field of environment, the Japanese government recently sent a delegation of high-ranking officials to a two-day ministerial conference in Washington on environmental pollution.

Mr. Sadanori Yamanaka, then state minister in charge of environmental pollution countermeasures and now director of Prime Minister Sato's office, headed this country's eighteen-man delegation. Mr. Russell Train, chairman of President Nixon's Council on Environmental Quality, led the United States delegation, which included top representatives from the Environmental Protection Agency and the Departments of State, Interior, and Health, Education, and Welfare.

Among the topics discussed were the economic aspects of pollution control and their implications for international trade. Both nations agreed that motor vehicles contribute significantly to noise and air pollution, and both have formulated new standards for motor vehicle emissions.

One Japanese solution to the problem of air pollution is to divert automobile traffic from urban centers and concentrate on mass transportation. The delegates to Washington conceded that there were some domestic complaints that the cleanest Japanese cars were being saved for export, especially to the United States, while the as yet unimproved models were still being sold here at home.

A concrete result of the meeting was agreement by the two countries to exchange information on ways to reduce air pollution "episodes."

"Save the Great Lakes" Program

OTTAWA.

THE GOVERNMENTS of Canada and the United States have agreed in principle on a joint program to clean up the Great Lakes by 1975.

The informal pact, to be followed later this year by a formal agreement, calls for the following measures: establishment of compatible water quality standards; construction of treatment facilities for municipal, industrial, and other wastes; reduction of phosphorus discharges; elimination of mercury and other toxic metals from discharges; control of thermal pollution; and restriction of the discharge of radioactive and pesticide wastes.

Implementation of these controls is expected to cost between $2- and $3-billion with the United States assuming the greater part of the bill. The Canadian share is estimated at about $200-million. It is smaller because industrial development on its shores is less advanced and because about 90 per cent of the pollution comes from south of the border.

In addition to direct controls, the two governments also agreed to adopt joint measures to prevent future oil spills.

Canada and the United States have been discussing ways to eliminate water pollution in the Great Lakes since 1909, when the International Joint Committee was established by treaty for that purpose. Officials in each country hope that the cleanup is at long last an idea whose time has come.

—S.L.

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Letters to the Environment Editor

The Highway Trust

DENIS HAYES's "Can We Bust the Highway Trust?" [*SR*, June 5] was the most vital article you have published in years. Thanks so much.

MRS. ADOLF G. KLEIN,
Portland, Ore.

THE COVER STORY on the Highway Trust Fund is much appreciated. The trust fund is an excellent example of a classic engineering mistake: a system with positive feedback that is inherently out of control, and can only be stopped if it runs out of fuel or into something. Since the quality of the environment of our cities is directly in the path of the Trust Fund highways, it is urgent that the "fuel" be diverted to more environmentally acceptable projects, such as mass transit, before the cities become uninhabitable.

The narrowness of purpose of the Highway Trust Fund is extremely well illustrated here in Rochester, where the state of New York is building new expressways but can't afford to cut the grass beside existing ones, far less maintain lesser roads.

DR. RICHARD H. BURNS,
ECO-TRANS,
Rochester, N.Y.

DENIS HAYES's article aims well but misses the most basic point.

Of course the original purpose (and the only continuing legitimate one) of the interstate highway system is to *connect* major cities. He suggests that the idea has been compromised by changing it to include passage *through* cities. Going through, as contrasted with around, may in some cases be the most logical way.

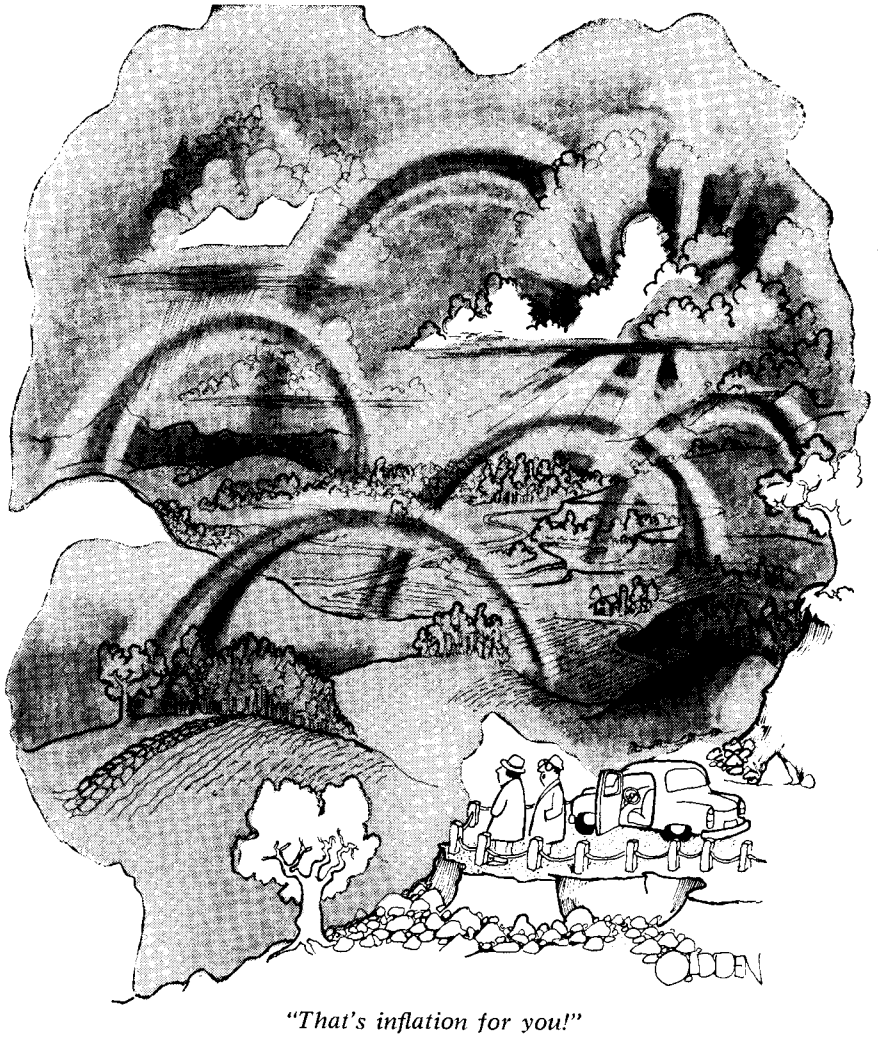
The trouble is, however, that the idea has really been prostituted to the point where—within forty to fifty miles of cities—the purpose is to get *into* cities. And for whom? Those who live close by.

R. G. BEERS,
Port Townsend, Wash.

PHILIP WALLWORK [director of public relations, National Automobile Association] didn't refer to possible exceptions to the generalization he made in his otherwise valid argument [LETTERS TO THE ENVIRONMENT EDITOR, July 3].

I'm one young adult automobile driver who doesn't want more highways. I'd be extremely happy if the taxes realized from the miles I drive would let me out from behind the wheel.

SALLY DALY,
Albany, N.Y.



"That's inflation for you!"

AS ONE of America's 100 million automobile drivers and, for years, a reluctant commuter by auto (for lack of a suitable substitute), I disassociate myself from "membership" in Philip C. Wallwork's Highway Lobby.

I am a member of an automobile association—solely for its road information and road service facilities. If this membership is to be construed as political support for more and more roads, I will not renew it.

No one will benefit more than the automobile driver from a diversion of funds from the Highway Trust Fund into public transportation. I would be happy to know that my gas tax money was being employed in that way.

EDWARD A. MERRILL,
San Francisco, Calif.

"WHO PAYS for the highways? Only the motorists," Mr. Wallwork says. I challenge him to say that to anyone whose home or property has been condemned for a freeway, or whose neighborhood has been cut in half by a suburban commuter route, or who is forced by any number of circumstances to live within range of the smog and constant noise generated by the vehicles on an urban expressway.

W. D. OSMER,
Renton, Wash.

Guilty One

I HAVE been impressed by the environment series you have been featuring, but I must object to your implication ["No Energy to Waste" by John Lear, *SR*, July 3] that hydrochloric acid is produced by the burning of all plastics: "The intense heat dissolves sulfur dioxide as well as hydrochloric acid produced by the plastic content of the garbage." I'm sure Mr. Lear meant to use some word other than "dissolve," but that is unimportant. The important thing is that polyvinyl chloride is the only plastic to give off hydrochloric acid when burned and that it can be removed from the exhaust gases by scrubbers. Other plastics such as polystyrene and the polyolefins give off only carbon dioxide and water vapor when properly incinerated, and in this particular waste disposal method the presence of these plastics is advantageous because of their high BTU content.

JOHN C. SCHUBERT,
Plant Process Engineer,
Amoco Chemicals,
Chippewa Falls, Wis.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *"Dissolve" was the wrong word. The right word would have been "decompose."*

Encouragement

SPLENDID MATERIAL, indeed, on the environment in *SR* for July 3 ["Whisking the Garbage" by Bertram B. Johansson]. It is helpful to have encouraging reports, as well as gloomy ones.

JOHN F. GUMMERE,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 48: recall, cellar, caller.

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(Continued on page 56)

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SCHOOLS

(Continued from page 55)

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(Continued from page 57)

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1948

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Triangular muscle	7 23 103 120 123 150 160
B. Remove! (2 wds.)	192 213 28 101 112 118 121
C. "I would have him — a-killing," says Othello of Cassio (2 wds.)	155 159 176 188 11 30 46 60 73
D. Tolstoy novel (2 wds.)	79 85 95 142 15 32 69 91 110 126 184 200
E. Argot, slang	201 204 217 50 58
F. Distribute	67 76 208 104
G. Overcast, gloomy	131 1 140 215 196 154 189 98
H. The median point of the posterior border of the foramen magnum	194 138 170 202 44 52 55 93 113
I. Capital of Mongolian People's Republic (2 wds.)	187 197 212 2 64 84 89 106 94
J. "Smite flat the thick — o' the world," says King Lear	179 8 17 20 209 33 161 51 149
K. Rude (comp.)	216 171 186 41 53 66 71 100 144 153 177
L. Anything that eases pain	146 4 13 68 47 81 128
M. Spontaneous, informal (3 wds.)	133 214 29 37 61 145 190 195 116 129
N. One called into court to warrant or defend a title in common recovery	34 115 130 211 139 182 168
O. English dramatist (1634?-91; "She Wou'd if She Cou'd")	191 203 141 198 21 31 114 218
P. Blushing, reddening	22 59 82 3 39 75 5 49 54
Q. Contemporary character actor, voice of the mule "Francis" (full name)	26 164 183 207 147 169 38 132 10 45
R. Without delay (3 wds.)	135 193 56 78 181 35 107 158 163
S. Scheming or crafty action	205 65 19 90 96 43 165 180 70 136 9
T. Situated below the ribs	80 88 117 36 16 127 108 63 210 74 148
U. Aggregate of actively swimming aquatic organisms in a body of water, able to move independently of water currents	24 40 72 143 14 97
V. One of the things from which it is asked "Good Lord, deliver us" in an old Cornish prayer	156 167 27 206 172 102 42 151
W. Cotton fabric, usually checked or striped by corded effects	111 48 92 87 25 57
X. Remove by pressure and friction (2 wds.)	77 109 152 119 134 124
Y. Offense	175 137 173 83 18 199 6
Z. Old alluvial deposit or group of old deposits	105 122 174 162 166
Z¹. Mixed confusedly; moved in a dragging manner	157 99 62 125 185 12 178 86

DIRECTIONS

Don't let the definitions scare you. If you can guess five or six of these WORDS correctly, you should be able to solve the Double-Crostic . . . When you've guessed a WORD, fill in the dashes, and also write each letter in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When all the squares are filled in, you will have a quotation from a published work. Dark squares indicate the ends of words. If there is no dark square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . You should be able to see words and phrases begin to form in the diagram on the basis of having just a few letters. Enter the letters you can guess into the diagram and the blanks in the defined WORDS, and you'll find yourself working from WORDS to diagram and back, solving the puzzle . . . The initial letters of the defined WORDS spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation was taken. This acrostic feature can be very helpful to the solver.

	1 G	2 I	3 P		4 L	5 P	6 Y	7 A		8 J	9 S	10 Q	11 C		12 Z¹	13 L	14 U
15 D		16 T	17 J		18 Y		19 S	20 J	21 O	22 P	23 A	24 U	25 W		26 Q	27 V	28 B
29 M	30 C	31 O		32 D	33 J	34 N	35 R	36 T	37 M	38 Q	39 P	40 U	41 K	42 V	43 S	44 H	
45 Q	46 C	47 L	48 W	49 P	50 E		51 J	52 H	53 K	54 P		55 H	56 R		57 W	58 E	59 P
60 C		61 M	62 Z¹	63 T	64 I	65 S	66 K	67 F		68 L	69 D	70 S	71 K	72 U	73 C		74 T
	75 P	76 F	77 X	78 R	79 D	80 T	81 L		82 P	83 Y	84 I	85 D	86 Z¹		87 W	88 T	
89 I	90 S	91 D		92 W	93 H	94 I	95 D	96 S	97 U	98 G		99 Z¹	100 K		101 B	102 V	103 A
104 F		105 Z	106 I		107 R	108 T	109 X	110 D	111 W	112 B	113 H	114 O		115 N	116 M	117 T	
118 B	119 X		120 A	121 B	122 Z		123 A	124 X	125 Z¹	126 D	127 T	128 L		129 M	130 N	131 G	132 Q
	133 M	134 X		135 R	136 S	137 Y	138 H	139 N		140 G	141 O	142 D	143 U		144 K	145 M	146 L
147 Q	148 T	149 J		150 A	151 V		152 X	153 K	154 G	155 C	156 V		157 Z¹	158 R	159 C	160 A	
161 J	162 Z		163 R	164 Q	165 S	166 Z		167 V	168 N		169 Q	170 H	171 K	172 V		173 Y	174 Z
	175 Y	176 C	177 K	178 Z¹	179 J		180 S	181 R	182 N		183 Q	184 D	185 Z¹	186 K	187 I	188 C	189 G
190 M	191 O		192 B	193 R		194 H	195 M	196 G		197 I	198 O	199 Y	200 D	201 E		202 H	203 O
204 E	205 S	206 V	207 Q	208 F	209 J	210 T		211 N	212 I	213 B	214 M	215 G	216 K	217 E	218 O		

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 11 of this issue.

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THE ALL-DAY CAR.

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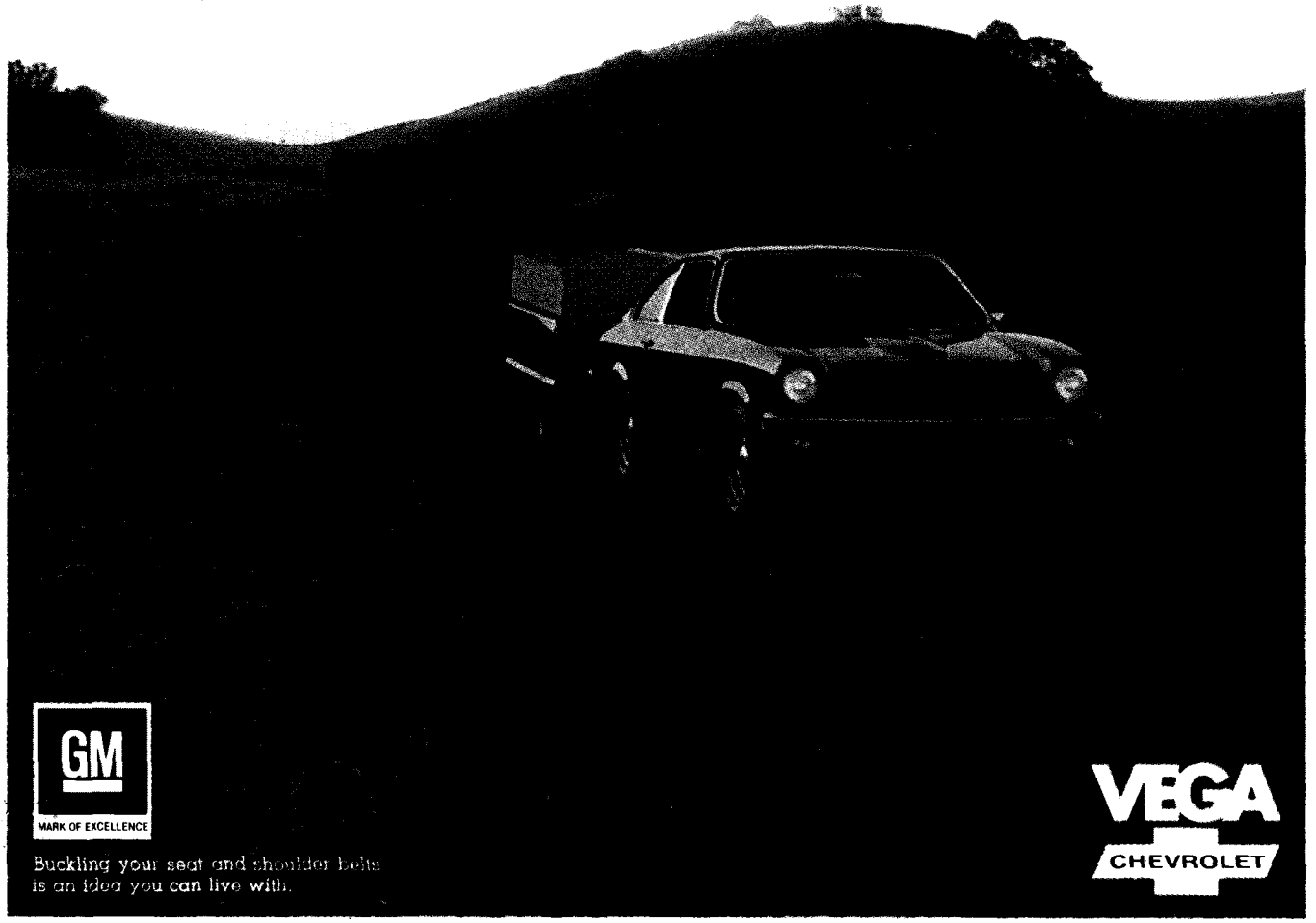
See the U.S.A. in your V.E.G.A.



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